

THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY

1945

Elmira and the Ex-GI

By J. C. Furnas

Memo of Hate

A Mystery Story

by Rufus King

Star Spangled Network

By Charles Garland



“Sure I’ll wait...”

THERE’S NO OTHER PEN LIKE PARKER 51”

THERE is good reason why Parker 51’s aren’t so plentiful as you—and we—would like them to be.

For this pen is built with a craftsman’s care, with exacting skill born of 56 years’ experience. Here is a writing instrument which no ordinary mass production methods could ever achieve. There is prestige in this “51” . . . there is pride in owning it.

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THE PARKER PEN COMPANY
Janesville, Wisconsin

PARKER

“51”

“Writes dry with wet ink!”



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There's a *Ford* in your future!

► It's only human nature to be proud of things you like. And when your new Ford car arrives—in the coming days of peace—you'll want the world to know it's yours! ... Your friends will call it "handsome". For this new Ford of yours will have smart and youthful styling. It will be a big, comfortable, sturdy car—

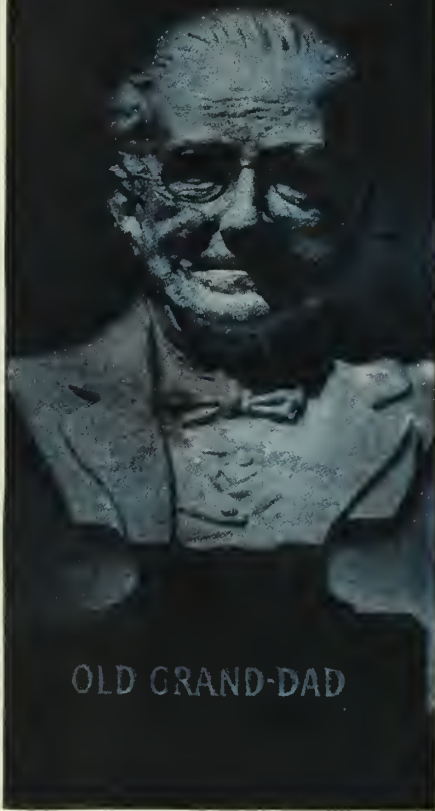
rich appearing, both inside and out. ... Naturally, you can expect this new car to offer the traditional Ford economy and reliability. And it will reflect all the skilled craftsmanship and experience which Ford has gained in more than 40 years. ... Yes, we'll be ready to swing into action with our production plans

when the time comes. In the meantime the full resources of Ford are helping to speed the day of final victory.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY



Head of the Bourbon Family



Each brilliant drop of Old Grand-Dad
—mellow, smooth, gloriously good
—is a toast to bourbon at its best.

*One taste
will tell
you why!*



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NEW YORK



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The Editor's Corner

THE soldier-and-dog photograph on our cover this month shows PFC Paul Kaikkonen, a member of the Provost Marshal Section at Fort Belvoir, Virginia, and Rex, a silver-gray German shepherd, three years old. Kaikkonen had twenty-six months' service overseas, much of it with the American Division on Guadalcanal. He was home on "rotation," following an attack of malaria and nerve and stomach disorders, and was getting back in shape when the photo was taken.

Like all war dogs, Rex has been trained
(Continued on page 34)

A service man or woman would like to read this copy of your Legion Magazine. For overseas, seal the envelope and put on fifteen cents in stamps, as first class postage is required. If you put the *National Legionnaire* in the envelope carrying the magazine overseas, make the postage eighteen cents instead of fifteen. For the home front the mailing charge for the magazine and the *National Legionnaire* is four cents, in an unsealed envelope. For the magazine alone, three cents.

In sending the magazine to a Fleet Post Office, you don't need to use first class mail. Parcel Post rates apply—three cents in an unsealed envelope.

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IMPORTANT: A form for your convenience if you wish to have
the magazine sent to another address will be found on page 49.

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The Editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage is enclosed. Names of characters in our fiction and semi-fiction articles that deal with types are fictitious. Use of the name of any person living or dead is pure coincidence.

DON'T FEEL BAD



*if YOU can't answer these questions
about insurance*



Most people can't! But the wise ones let their insurance Agent or Broker do all the worrying for them. Just let him know what you have to protect, and he'll be glad to tell you just how to Protect What You Have. If you take this expert advice, you won't have to dig into your own pocket to pay for losses or damage suits which can occur.

* * *

1 "For instance, could we be sued if Andy, the postman—or anybody else who's passing by—falls on the ice in front of our house and hurts himself badly?"



2 "Suppose my fur coat were stolen from my home? Have we that kind of insurance? Equally important, are we also protected if I lose something away from home?"



3 "If fire ruined our furniture, would our insurance take care of buying new furnishings? We bought those things years ago—have we enough insurance to replace them today?"



4 "Have we the kind of insurance that would pay heavy damages or medical expenses if we accidentally hit someone with the car and injured him seriously?"

Your local Agent knows the answers to these questions. He'll tell you, too, how *little* it costs for North America Companies protection against all the common hazards that might mean a money loss to you. Have him up to the house one evening with you and your husband—and get some of these troublesome insurance questions off your mind.



INSURANCE COMPANY OF
NORTH AMERICA
COMPANIES, *Philadelphia*

Insurance Company of North America, founded in 1792, oldest stock fire and marine insurance company in the country, heads the group of North America Companies which write practically all types of Fire, Marine, Automobile and Casualty insurance through your own Agent or Broker. North America Agents are listed in local Classified Telephone Directories.

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LOOK FOR THE FLORSHEIM SHIELD

IT STANDS FOR THE RESPONSIBILITY

OF LEADERSHIP



The Viking

The trademark of the maker is your best assurance of quality. On a Florsheim Shoe, the familiar shield stands for 53 years of fine shoemaking—a standard we can't afford to lower—a reputation we refuse to risk.

Most Styles \$10.50 and \$11

Florsheim



Shoes

NOV. 11: LEYTE.

WITH THE 24TH (VICTORY) DIVISION, Leyte Island, Nov. 11—A long gap of time and distance lies between the heights of the Meuse, in France, 26 years ago, and the heights of land leading down into the Ormoc corridor on Leyte. On that November 11, 1918, the German power was broken and the military machine collapsed. It was the end of the First World War.

Today there is no armistice. It is a battle to the death. Artillery rumbles its throaty roar—big eight-inch howitzers and smaller guns. Four point two chemical mortars cough. Tanks clank forward. And not far ahead, on the fighting lines, machine guns rattle like giant riveting machines and rifles bark spitefully. The highway leading into the battle area is jammed with men and all kinds of motor vehicles.

I spent the full day on the front lines with elements of the 24th Division. I saw the assaults on Mount Cabunganan and Mount Caraban, both to the south-southwest of Caragara. I saw the men go forward, tired, muddy, bearded men, who had been in action, with but brief rest periods, since that morning of October 20th when they waded and splashed ashore on the Leyte beach. I talked to the wounded as they were carried back on stretchers, or as they limped haltingly along supported by a comrade.

Japanese dead lined the route of the Victory Division. Jap pillboxes were torn apart and the dead were strewn around the broken and useless guns they had used in a futile effort to stop these men.

At the forward command post Major General Franklin C. Seibert, Corps Commander; Major General Frederick A. Irving, Division Commander, and Brigadier General Kenneth C. Cramer, a Past Department Commander of the Legion in Connecticut, were holding a council of war with regimental commanders.

Colonel William J. Verbeck of Manlius, N. Y., commanding the 21st Infantry, was so pleased with the progress of his outfit that he gave ten pesos to every man at the command post—Jap invasion currency. Lieut. Col. Chester A. Dahlen, Thief River Falls, Minn., commanding the 34th Infantry, told with obvious pride of the fine battle performance of the men under his command.

As we slogged up the highway toward the actual fighting lines we came to a sharp bend. "Don't go around that corner!" yelled a friendly voice from a nearby foxhole. "You'll get your bloomin' backsides shot off!" A machine-gun rat-tat-tatted around the turn. We joined the soldier and his mate in the foxhole on the double-quick.

The lad who yelled the timely warning was Corporal Albert Medici, 333 Pocasset Ave., Providence, R. I., who, years ago, played Legion junior baseball with the

Auburn (R. I.) Post team. His buddy was Pvt. Albert Simason, Jr., of Hamilton, Tex., who was once a member of the reportorial staff of the Dallas (Tex.) *News*. Young Simason, son of Legionnaire Albert Simason, Sr., who served with the artillery in France in 1918 and who is a member of a Dayton, Ohio, Legion post, talked of his baby daughter he has never seen. . . .

Lieut. Col. Edward M. Postlethwait, Bloomington, Ill., battalion commander, chuckled as he told about one of his men. The going was tough and the soldier threw himself flat on the ground. As he rose to go forward another few feet, a Jap bullet plowed through the ground he had just vacated. "Praise the Lord, the ammunition passed me!" he breathed.

"Hear about Sergeant Cecil Church?" asked another soldier friend. "Get Lieut. Legendre to tell you about him." So I hunted through the area for Lieut. Legendre. Found, he proved to be a nephew of Alcee Legendre, New Orleans, Past Department Commander of the Louisiana Legion, and a cousin of Leonce Legendre, rehabilitation expert stationed for several years at the Legion's Washington headquarters, but now a lieutenant colonel on active duty.

"Sergeant Church—he's from Missouri—has been officially commended for taking a wounded man out of the water when we landed," said the officer. "Later he saved the company from heavy loss when he detected a Jap infiltration party, opened fire with his machine gun and pinned it down. He saved a lot of the fellows. But he's only one of the men who should be mentioned; I wish I could tell you about all of them. Ask some of the officers about the platoon that mowed down 150 Japs the night we landed." I did, and got the story.

As we started back to the division command post, Lieut. Frank C. Ludwig of Brookline, Mass., came along in a jeep and stopped when given the universally understood thumb signal. He wants to get a souvenir permit to send a light Japanese machine gun back to the Brookline Legion Post. "When I was a youngster," he said, "I had a lot of fun climbing over and crawling around the Legion's whippet tank. I guess it has gone into the scrap pile to make new tanks, and I want to help the outfit get a new war relic." Lieut. Ludwig's uncle, Legionnaire William Cameron, is a member of West Roxbury (Mass.) Post. Another uncle was killed in action in France in the first World War.

Once relatively safe in the back area, late for the evening mess, we hunted up a kitchen. "Help yourself to anything you can find," cordially invited PFC Stanley Strom of San Diego, Calif. While stoking, PFC Strom revealed that he had played baseball with the San Diego high school team under the coaching of Mike Morrow. "He's one of the greatest coaches in America," he said enthusiastically.—BOYD B. STUTLER, *American Legion War Correspondent*.



"You learn a lot about outboards . . . in 35 years"

Canny old-timers know it's a fact. Owning motors, being shipmates with them, keenly comparing all types and makes . . . a fellow sure learns a lot about outboards in 35 years!

It's equally true of a manufacturer — with knowledge multiplied by engineering, building and testing hundreds of thousands of motors through this span of years. The result is *know-how* . . . a matchless "all-star feature" that reflects in every phase of operation . . . constantly rewarding the owner with extra dividends of fine performance . . . without a nickel of added cost!

The great Storm Boat Motors that serve on every fighting front are the product of 35 years of Evinrude *know-how*. When peacetime motors can again be built, this same *know-how* will be a priceless part of every motor that carries the Evinrude name.

EVINRUDE MOTORS, Milwaukee 9, Wis.

EVINRUDE

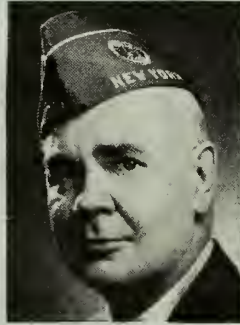
OUTBOARD MOTORS



EVERY DOLLAR YOU INVEST HELPS SPEED VICTORY . . . BUY MORE WAR BONDS

U.S. ★ ★ ★ THE CITADEL OF PEACE

by EDWARD N. SCHEIBERLING



National Commander, The American Legion

IN A RECENT ADDRESS I said: "Surely if our tremendous productive system with its brilliant leaders in engineering, science and management and labor could make the United States the arsenal of democracy, they can make our country the citadel of peace." I have every confidence they will.

When they do, our United States will stand pre-eminent among nations. It will continue to be the harbor of hope for those with the courage and fortitude to move ahead under the power of their own initiative. In other words, we will have preserved the foundation that has for more than a century and a half been the basis for American progress—the basis for all that is best in our way of life.

My experience during the last four months—a third of my term as National Commander—convincing me that The American Legion faces the greatest opportunity ever held by any national organization. It is the opportunity to protect our comrades of two wars, men and women who have faced death to safeguard our country, and to unite them in a peacetime mobilization to preserve Democracy on the home front. It is the opportunity to make the Legion an independent guiding force for the common good.

There is no other such national force in our country today, dedicated solely to the principles and purposes the Legion holds high.

I need not review these principles and purposes here. We in the Legion know what they are. However, we need greater Legion solidarity and outside assistance in achieving these principles and purposes. We need financial support to translate them into action.

All of us have been buying War Bonds because money is necessary to maintain an arsenal of de-

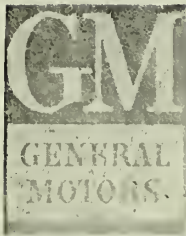
mocracy—to build the tools for victory. It is equally as necessary to develop public opinion behind true Americanism and to create the instruments and institutions for a strong citadel of peace.

Under the mandates of two national conventions, I am charged with the responsibility of raising an American Legion Americanism Endowment Fund. Trustees have been named and the purpose clearly set forth. Broadly speaking, the purpose is to enable The American Legion to meet its responsibilities to our comrades and to our country by providing National Headquarters and the several Departments and Posts with the necessary instrumentalities and personnel to carry out broadened activities. In brief, to place The American Legion in a position to face the challenge ahead.

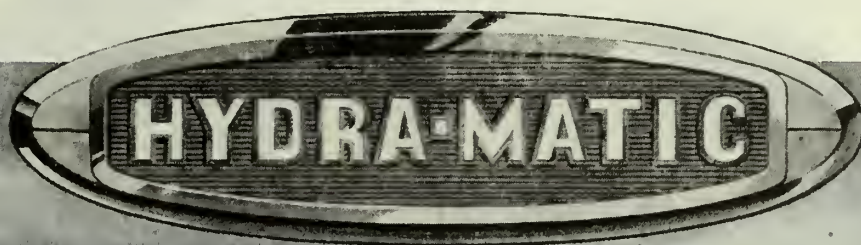
Departments and Posts have been advised fully regarding the Americanism Endowment Fund. We plan to raise \$15,000,000. Each Department will decide *when* and *how* its proportionate share, based on membership, will be raised. I know that every Legionnaire will do his part.

Under a broad program of public relations, The American Legion is achieving widespread public support. Our course is being universally approved. To me this is most heartening—it gives hope that I may fulfill my greatest ambition—to end my term as National Commander with The American Legion internally and externally stronger than at any time in its history; holding the confidence of men and women who bring to the home front those steeling qualities that men and women find only in facing death on battlefronts, and acclaimed by all other citizens as an institution dedicated to peace, preparedness and patriotism.

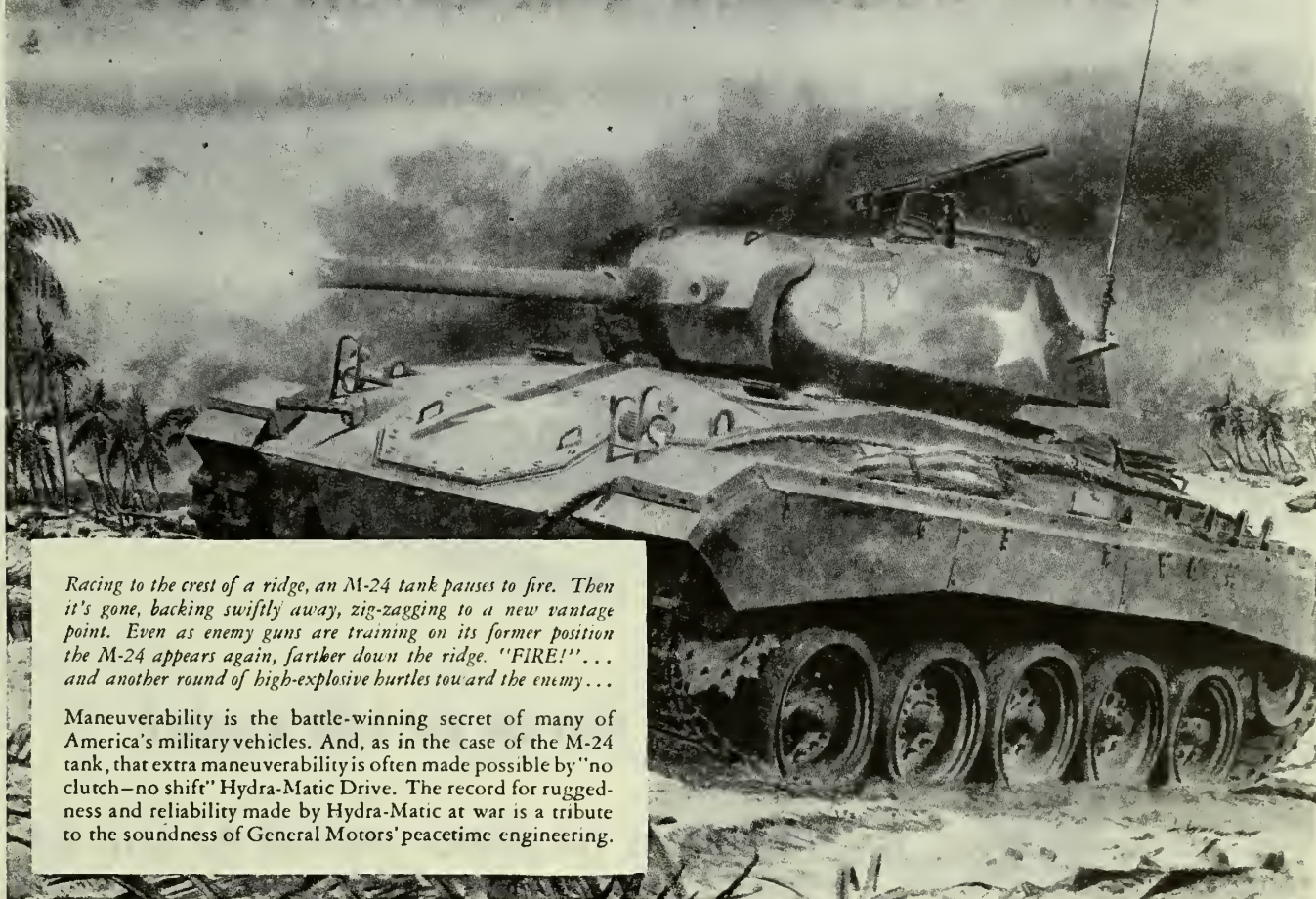
The Americanism Endowment Fund is the individual responsibility of every Legionnaire.



ANOTHER GENERAL MOTORS WAR CONTRIBUTION...



FOR TANKS AND ARMORED CARS



Racing to the crest of a ridge, an M-24 tank pauses to fire. Then it's gone, backing swiftly away, zig-zagging to a new vantage point. Even as enemy guns are training on its former position the M-24 appears again, farther down the ridge. "FIRE!"... and another round of high-explosive hurtles toward the enemy...

Maneuverability is the battle-winning secret of many of America's military vehicles. And, as in the case of the M-24 tank, that extra maneuverability is often made possible by "no clutch—no shift" Hydra-Matic Drive. The record for ruggedness and reliability made by Hydra-Matic at war is a tribute to the soundness of General Motors' peacetime engineering.

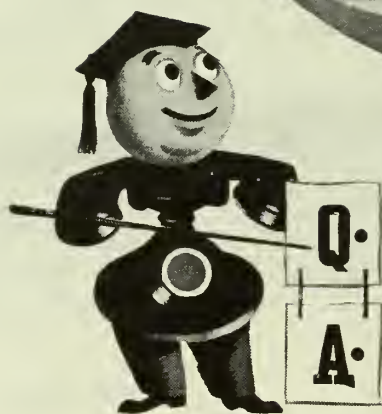
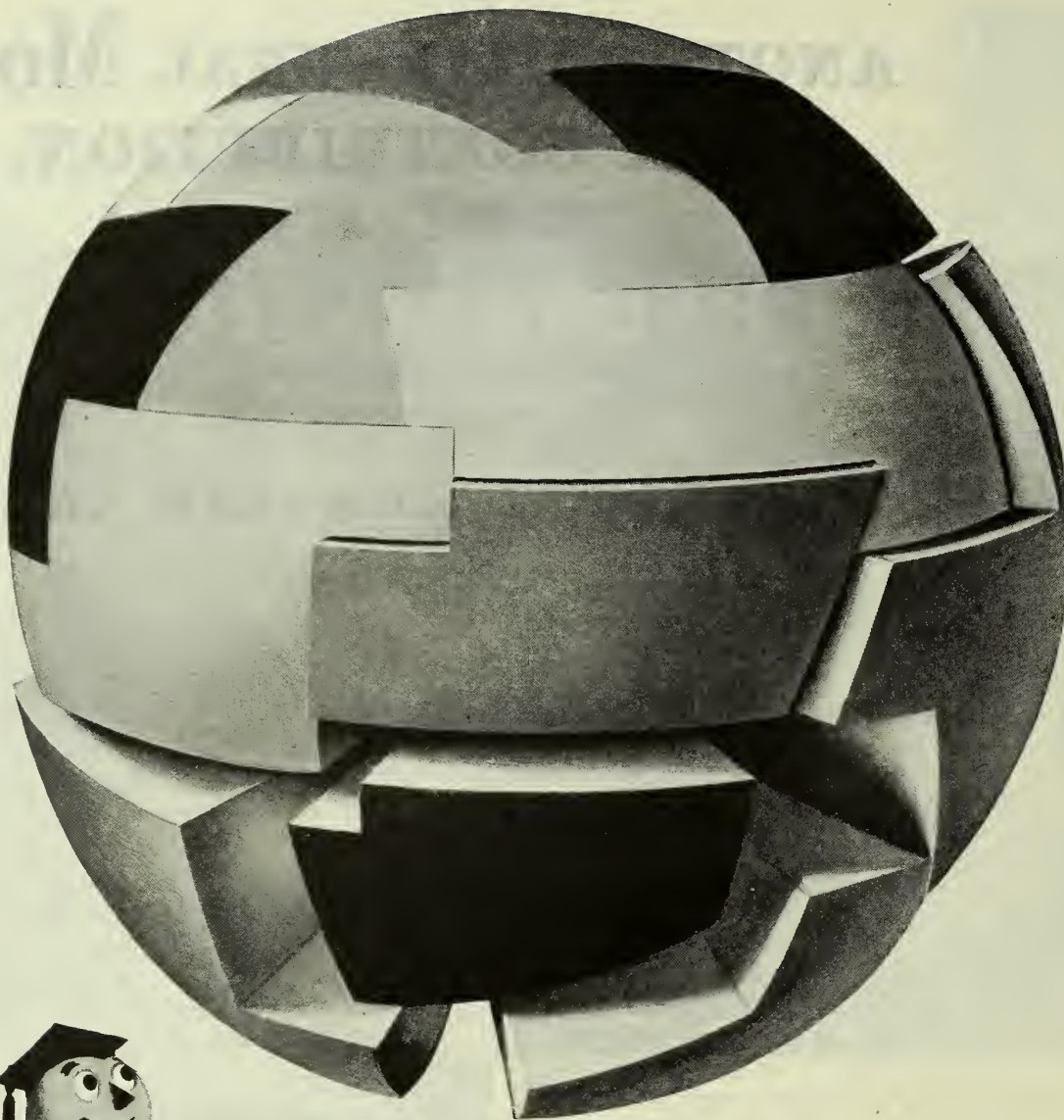
Illustrated above: the M-24 Tank, produced by Cadillac, armed with the Oldsmobile-built 75 mm. cannon



KEEPS 'EM ROLLING ON THE HOME FRONT, TOO!

HYDRA-MATIC DRIVE was developed by the Oldsmobile Division of General Motors, introduced to the public on Oldsmobile's 1940 model, and proved on the highways of America in the hands of nearly two hundred thousand Oldsmobile owners. Since war began, Hydra-Matic dependability has kept countless war workers on the job. Hydra-Matic economy has saved quantities of gasoline for the war effort. And the simplicity of operating a Hydra-Matic Oldsmobile, with no clutch to press and no gears to shift, has meant easier driving, more efficient transportation for thousands of war-busy Americans.

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS



Q. How many ways can you build a globe?

A. As many as you please—provided the parts fit!

The communication system which carries your voice across a continent and beyond, works because its millions of interlocking parts are engineered to fit. There are thousands of switchboards, 26 million telephone instruments and 65 million miles of circuits.

Each individual part, no matter how ingenious, is merely a unit in the whole system. The final test is—does the system work? This is the engineering ideal of Bell Telephone Laboratories. It has helped to create the greatest telephone system in the world.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM





A wan, concerned smile and the two crossed fingers

Pilot to Co-Pilot...

By HARRISON HENDRYX

WHEN Snowden came into the hut he was undecided about calling Harriet. He gave the little taffy-haired cocker spaniel a perfunctory pat on the head and sat down on Red Wilstach's empty bunk and glanced up at her picture, recalling the barren, heart-gone look that had come into the eyes of the younger man of late when-ever he gazed upon it.

When a man was your co-pilot you got to know a good deal about him. When you flew with a man and lived with him and drank with him you came to know pretty well what went on inside as well as out. Almost invariably, you came to know of the woman he loved. And thus did Snowden know of Harriet.

He knew that a month ago they had quarreled. He knew of the high pride in

Red Wilstach which had kept him from seeing her since then. Nor did Red's subsequent flaunting about of other women deceive him; nor was he deceived by the overly casual manner in which the other spoke of Harriet.

When you flew with a man and lived with him you were too close for secrets.

Harriet was the girl. Then she should know of this, Snowden decided abruptly, and he rose and crossed the strip to call her from Operations.

"This is Phil Snowden, Red's friend," he said simply. "We ran into some pretty stiff flak last night and—well, Red stopped a couple chunks of it."

There was a pause. He heard the hollow, nebulous sound of breath sharply indrawn. Then she said evenly. "Is he bad?"

"I don't know. He's at St. John's—in

the AAF wing. I'm going over there now."

"Would you mind if I went along?" she asked hesitantly. "I could meet you there—at the hospital."

"I hoped you would," said Snowden, "for his sake. See you inside by the fountain. I'll be an hour or more."

He returned to the hut and shaved hurriedly and put on a fresh shirt. The cocker spaniel eyed him soulfully from the doorway as he pulled his bicycle from the rack and mounted.

Snowden said, "Well?" and the little dog came to him in quick joyous bounds and Snowden lifted him into the basket.

At the hospital, when he had parked the bike, he said to the dog, "Stick close now, hear me? And no monkeyshines."

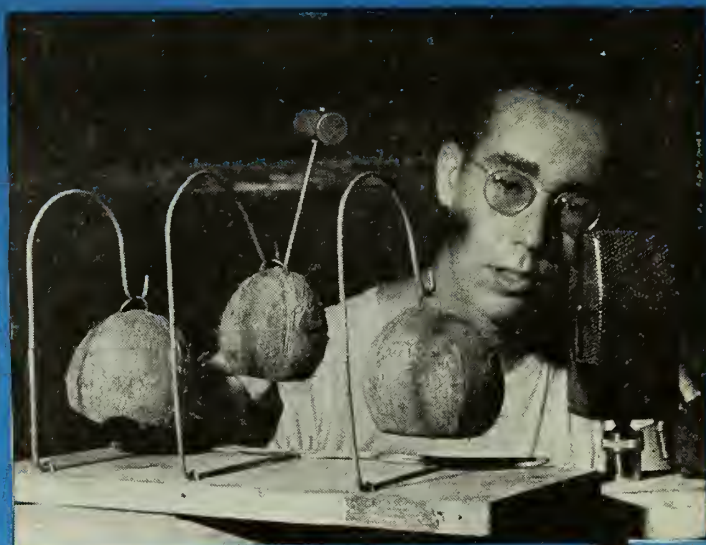
Harriet was by the fountain, somber and very lovely in a dark nurse's cape which lent depth to her blue eyes. She gave him

(Continued on page 41)

Illustrated by WILLARD DOWNES



Guadalcanal's fans getting lowdown on baseball prospects



Guadalcanal Radio City station and its chimes of musical cocoanuts

Star Spangled Network

By Charles Garland



News broadcasts are immensely popular. Here T/5 Averback reads script of S/Sgt. Dvorak. Both men are from Hollywood, California



PFC Rudolph Luukinen, Duluth, Minn., making adjustments at the console just before a program goes on the air

Tokyo and Berlin had a propaganda field day early in the war broadcasting to American troops. But nowadays their stuff is smothered by a barrage of AFRS short-waved news and entertainment, plus thousands of recordings which that agency sends overseas

RADIO TOKYO crackled: "Wouldn't it be swell to be back there in the U. S. dancing with a lovely American girl, her soft cheek pressed against yours, the lights turned low and the music played like this" . . . *Let Me Call You Sweetheart* rippled into the jungle night. A mosquito buzzed around a fighting man's dirty ear; he cracked the side of his face and the buzzing stopped; his cheek bone was wet with the blood of the insect and his ear rang from the slap. Island jungles of the Southwest Pacific are damp, itchy and sweaty.

"Sure, it'd be swell, you dirty, slant-eyed so-and-so!" he cursed. The Yank fighting man snapped the portable radio into silence. Another Yank squished a mosquito boring into the back of his hand, then rubbed both hands on his thighs. "Goddamn it! Why can't we get the States on this radio! Radio Tokyo—that's all we hear! They gotta play some goddam sentimental tune that makes you homesick!"

Radio Tokyo dug into the hearts of some fighting men. Tokyo confided, "Americans! Your war workers are getting rich. They're stealing your jobs. They're taking your girls. They're kissing your wives."

There was a great need for America's Armed Forces Radio Service. Long before the United States was bombed into the war at Pearl Harbor, Japan and Germany had planned to out-gun as well as out-talk America. This enemy mix of gun-cotton and jingoism got results. Many foreign countries scurried forward as Axis satellites, for one; South American factions proclaimed their pro-Fascism; and the Orient, except for sections of China, became resignedly passive. The enemy had won the initiative on words in a war in which the tongue was a sword.

When war came to the United States, the nation was deficient in short-wave facilities. Fourteen U. S. stations competed with fifty Nazi stations in 1940. Germany's radio was government owned; the United States was then and is now the only country in the world where all radio broadcasting is privately owned. Then suddenly peacetime short-wave schedules in the U. S. were by-passed for the requirements of war and three groups sought "time" on the existing facilities: the OWI, the Co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs, and the then unimportant, obscure Armed Forces Radio Service.

The United States choked in a bottleneck of words, but today America's throat is cleared. Armed Forces Radio Service, in eighteen months, built the greatest network the world has ever known, under the command of Colonel Tom Lewis.

Lewis manned AFRS with skilled enlisted men and officers who now operate nearly every kind of radio equipment, from hand-cranked transmitters to 100-watt short-wave radio on Africa's Gold Coast, in the Aleutians, Italy, on the Western Front, in the South Seas—literally, around the world.

No other Army than the American has ever had anything like it. GIs hold the world hook-up together, linked by air-priorities, pack-mules, trains, ships and trucks, and together they've licked Radio Tokyo and Radio Berlin. AFRS is more than a 400-station network broadcasting in 47 countries.

As recently as September, 1943, OWI granted the Armed Forces Radio Service needed time on nine overseas beams. Today, the Armed Forces shortwave the European theater for 16 hours 30 minutes daily and programs are received in Greenland, Central Africa, the Middle East, the Mediterranean

(Continued on page 42)



PFC Al Alberty, Chicago, and his tenor sax, solid senders to GIs



Ensign Johnston of Navy Nurse Corps, soloist at Sunday services



Footwork in one of the bouls which are broadcast once a week



Record spinning and patter fill in the station breaks

Memo of Hate



By Rufus King

YOU must take this minutely, as though through a diminishing glass, because there is no time to give you anything but the baldnesses. Before the door will open, the true things—the love, the conflict, the bitter patient hate—must be up to you.

There were two men and a girl and a dog. There were the winds of November which fractured into splinters of steel the cold dark waters of the Atlantic on Long Island's dour strand. Such were the ingredients of the case which missed that elusive mirage, the perfect crime.

The dog was its heart: a German shepherd called Blitz who for a year had been assigned to sentry duty along a morose stretch out near the Hamptons. His handler was a Coast Guard youngster, Joe Davis. This *lout* was a rugged shyly polite, farm-bred Iowan who had caught a few bullets on Tarawa's Betio and had been patched up enough to permit of his transfer to shore patrol on Long Island. Yes, *lout*. Even though Helen, who had plenty of good taste, did fall in love with him.

The seed of the crime was planted when the procurement division of the Treasury Department began returning patrol dogs to their owners, their use being sharply curtailed as the threat to the shores had lessened. But in many cases the owners no longer had their homes and such dogs were demilitarized of their ferocities, retrained to the courtesies of civilian life, and auctioned off to the public or specifically sold.

Joe himself bought Blitz as a present for Helen Dreyden, whom he had met at the first chicken-pot-pie supper he'd gone to at the village's Methodist church. With the inexplicable stupidity with which such things can happen in life they had fallen for each other hard.

To be honest, it was probably Joe's gathering in of Helen which had wakened in Burk Halbreck the unbearable truth that life would mean nothing to him without her. Burk wasn't a native like Helen. He belonged to the summer beach-cottage crowd, did some gentleman farming in Connecticut and kept a bachelor apartment in New York which touched, in the perfection of its detail, on the precious. For endless summers Burk had grown up with and been complacent about Helen, in the manner which his wealth had permitted him to be complacent about all things. He was agreeably confident that she loved him, and when he was ready he would marry her. Why not?

The preinduction physical had rejected Burk for an unsatisfactory heart, and as his crowd began dropping off into service he started to use the beach cottage as a year-round home. To be near Helen. It was the lash of a whip across his consuming possessiveness and pride when she announced her engagement to Joe.

Burk started to hate Joe, slowly and with friendly outward smiles to hate him, and it wasn't entirely because of Helen but because he sensed in Joe all the loutish simplicities and decencies which he himself basically lacked. It wasn't long after Joe had given Blitz to Helen that Burk thoughtfully began to see in the dog a weapon for the perfect crime.

THE wedding was planned for the middle of November when Helen's aunt could come on from the West Coast. That gave Burk six leisurely weeks. He left for his Connecticut farm. He bought a German shepherd of similar appearance and build to Blitz. He had acquired from Joe a knowledge of the training methods used at Front Royal and, in the privacy of his many acres, Burk went to work.

He eliminated such nonessentials to his purpose as mine detection and messenger stuff, and concentrated on three things. He trained the shepherd to instant obedience to the "silent" whistle: an instrument pitched too high to be audible to human ears. He trained the shepherd to ferocious attack on any stranger. He trained the animal to kill.

The moon was in its first quarter and November darkness fell early on the Hamptons' desolate sand bar when the job was done. Burk had driven down to the beach cottage earlier in the day, with the shepherd lying in flat obedience unseen in the rear of his car. Throughout the afternoon Burk had kept the killer concealed in the cottage's garage while he had smiled good

wishes and friendliness on Helen and Joe and Blitz. And with the evening's masking dark here were the simple, the safe, the perfect steps which Burk then took.

In the rear of his cottage with its sheltering dunes he dug, in compliance with the shepherd's measurements, a pit.

Through night binoculars, while the killer dog crouched beside him, Burk observed the Coast Guard station which was about a five-minutes' walk down the bar. Three cars were

parked there, and one of them was Joe's cheap little coupe. Blitz, who spent more time with Joe at the station than he did at home with Helen, was alone in it waiting for Joe to finish dressing for the villagers' stupid, banal, surprise-shower planned that evening for Helen.

Burk leashed the killer to a spike in a driftwood timber then ran through the dark to Joe's coupe, a second leash in his hand. Blitz offered no problem. His detraining had been the complete reversal of his training-into-viciousness and Blitz now bent over backwards in being gentle and obedient to the orders of anybody. So the substitution was simple. Burk fastened Blitz with the second leash and ran him back to the cottage, shutting him in.

Then Burk loosed the killer from the driftwood timber and closed him inside Joe's little coupe, the single seat of which he almost filled with cosy death. Just leaving room enough for Joe. With the "silent" whistle in his hand, Burk crouched in the nearby shelter of a masking dune to watch and wait.

The minutes dropped into eternity, then the door of the station opened and a man came out. He was a short, thin fellow and Burk identified him as Radio Operator Wilbur. He watched Wilbur pass Joe's car on the way to his own, then a surge of blood was hot in Burk's head as Wilbur hesitated and went back to Joe's shoddy coupe. The blood became a pounding stream as the detestable fool's "Hi-ya, Blitz?" cut faintly through the boom of surf and Wilbur opened the coupe's door.

Death leaped hurtling in vicious stillness and fangs slashed their brutal lacerations on Wilbur's throat. Burk shot the "silent" whistle to his lips and the killer with reluctance froze, then came swiftly slinking on a second signal to the masking dune. Burk leashed him, speeded him back to the garage, and crushing a tire iron into the killer's skull dumped his fluid body into the waiting pit. With hands which shook be-

neath the humiliation of a perfect thing gone wrong, Burk shoved sand.

The final cast was to release Blitz and run him to the station, where the crash of surf still shattered the silent night, and Wilbur was limp in the ultimate grotesquerie of the violent dead.

Burk returned to his cottage and breathed. The crime in its basic self was still perfect: a murder was done and no conceivable justice would trace the guilt to Burk's calm hands. Blitz would simply be put down as the one dog in thousands whom war neuroses had caused to revert to ferocity, and would be shot. Burk breathed and quietly breathed.

During the next few days there were investigations all over the place. The village cops figured the thing was an open-and-shut case, and laughed when the Coast Guard insisted on a full investigation. County and

The dog's part in the Perfect Crime was according to plan, but there was one very small detail...

state detectives swarmed over the beach, followed by news photographers and reporters from the city. Perhaps you remember the way some of the papers played up the case, with psychologists, doctors and veterinarians setting forth their theories.

THEY arrested Burk toward dawn on the charge of first degree murder. He was superior in his insolent stoicism until they told him, with the cold disgust of their contempt and hate, the single fault in his perfect crime: the fact that the nose print of a dog is as unique to that specific dog as are the fingerprints of a person unique to that one person out of all the world.

That was something over a year ago and

you can unscramble it any way you like—what difference on earth or in heaven or in hell does it matter to me? Take your silly details

—the insensate pattern of noseprints left by the killer dog on the glass of Joe's cheap coupe—Joe's loutish love and belief in Blitz—the test, the proof that the noseprints were those of another dog whose spoor Blitz tracked to the filled-in pit—the trial which established a new precedent in weapons of death—the futile, costly appeals—that last odd memory of Helen and Joe with faces like dumb kids when they play with pinwheels—take them I tell you and to hell with you, because the door of the cell is opening now, and the chaplain is coming in for Burk.

Yes, sure I'm Burk, and the chaplain's pale, insipid hands are stretching out.

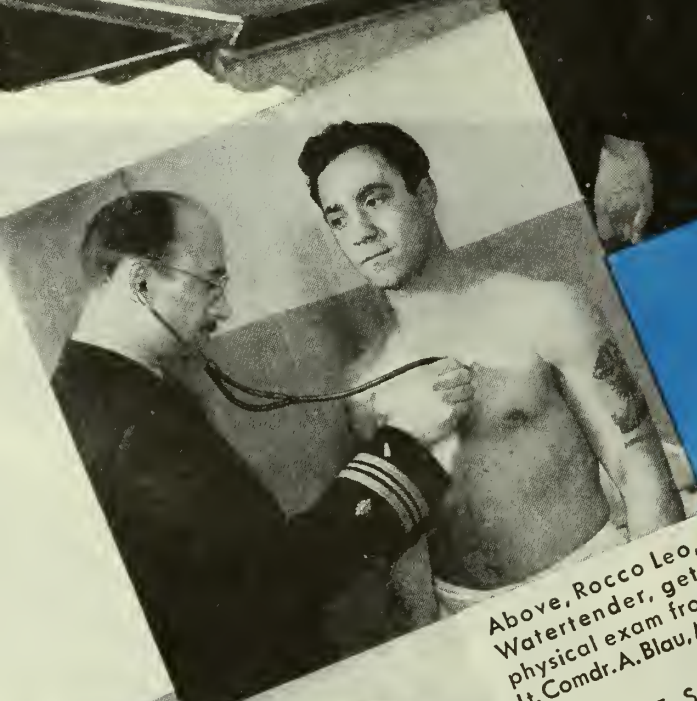
For me.



As the car door opened death leaped in vicious stillness and fangs slashed their brutal laceration on Wilbur's throat



Records and orders of incoming sailors being checked at Receiving Desk, Redistribution Center



Above, Rocco Leo, Watertender, gets physical exam from Lt. Comdr. A. Blau, MC



Left, Lt. C. E. Sauers discusses rights and benefits with R. G. Hamilton, S 1cl



Right, F. T. McAlpine, Fireman 2cl, receives discharge from Lt. C. C. Buckmaster, in ceremony

Permanent Liberty

By John J. Noll
How the Navy is Handling the Job of Honorable Separation from the Service



Constant J. Brewer, S 2cl, 18, Waverly, N. Y. Nav. Trng. Sta. Shipping clerk. May return to job or resume high school study

Melvin B. Caaper, Stew. Mate 1cl, 19, Braaklyn, N. Y. 15 mas, an Newfoundland Nav. Oper. Base. Will study electricity, GI Bill aid

Jack D. Campbell, S 2cl, 16, West Jefferson, Ohio. Under age. Will return to high school for further study, as a junior

F. A. Lambarda, CBM, Seabees, 48, Braaklyn, N. Y. Served in Navy during World War One. Legionnaire. Retired policeman

BYOND again proving itself our first line of defense, the United States Navy through its brilliant victories in all theaters of operation in this war has established its first lines of offense. So, hats off to the Navy! Recognizing fully that many months of battle lie ahead of it until final victory is won, reluctantly the Navy is separating from its ranks those men who because of battle wounds, disabling illnesses and injuries, battle fatigue, age—both too young and too old—and inaptitude can no longer render full service. But in that redistribution of its men the Navy is rendering a service which is beyond the call of duty and the accepted regulations pertaining to discharge.

In outlining briefly the plan of procedure in separating men from service, Captain S. S. Bunting of the Third Naval District emphasizes the fact that the Navy's interest in a dischargee does not end when he is handed his discharge certificate and furnished transportation to his home. Through sympathetic recognition of the fact that the greatest problem facing most of the men who leave the service is that of re-establishing

(Continued on page 37)



A. Le Rache, Ship's Cook 1cl, 51, Gardner, Mass. On training ships, Boston. May enter catering business with aid of Government loan

T. R. Nylen, MM 1cl, 32, Whittier, Calif. N. Africa and Sicily invasions. S. Pac., Amer. Theaters. Return to job as steam engineer

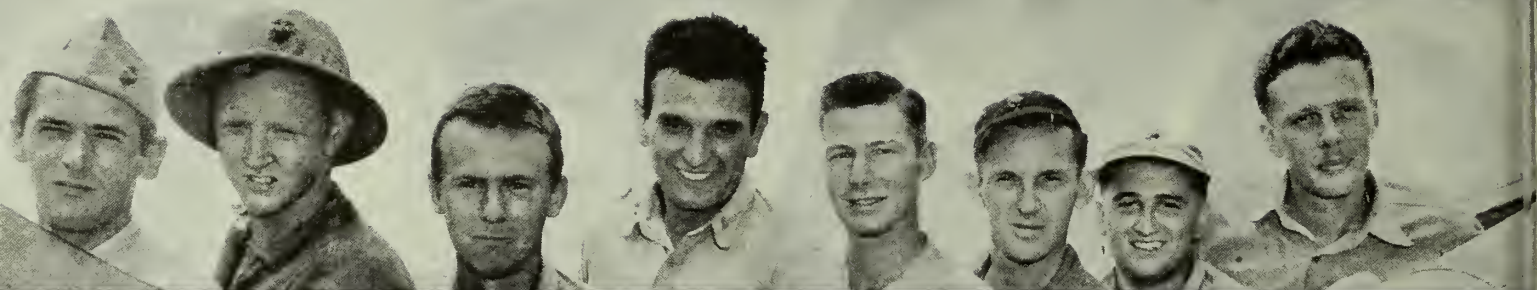


D. Reynolds, 17, E. Orange, N. J., and R. A. Stappenbacher, 17, Rochester, N. Y. Discharged from Sampson Trng Sta. Under age

R. L. Giddens, S 2cl, 22, Frostproof, Fla. African and Italian campaigns. Will return to truck driving. Perhaps Govt. training later

H. E. Pavan, MM 3cl, 47, Detroit, Mich. 24 mas. active duty. In Italian Army, World War I. Construction carpenter. Wants Civil Service

W. B. Race, Shipfitter 2cl, 32, New Haven, Conn. On USS Wasp, Malta, and when sunk, SW Pacific. May return to old job as welder



Gyrene Grasshoppers

By Captain Earl Wilson, USMC

The line of salty Marine officers at the top of the page did a grand job of piloting the Grasshoppers 750 air-hours during the battle for the Marianas. For their names, see page 44

Peleliu, Palau Islands

A HUGE carrier task force prowled the waters around the Palau Islands, winging into the wind now and then to launch the Hellcats, Corsairs, Helldivers and Avengers that were making a smoking shambles out of enemy positions on Peleliu. Here on the island itself, Marines drove inland, slowly, relentlessly, at high cost.

One of the carriers caught a message from the beachhead. The Air Officer, grinning, picked up his microphone. His voice resounded throughout the ship.

"Lieutenant Putt-putt, prepare to launch that thing you call an airplane!"

Instantly there was gleeful activity on the flight deck. Plane handlers went into action, the Launching Officer took his post, yellow-shirted taxi signalmen began making elaborate gestures of direction. All were grinning.

From the sleek ranks of big Navy fighting planes waddled a tiny aircraft, its little wooden propeller beating the air nervously. It rolled to the take-off point, vibrating self-consciously while its chugging reached a frantic washing-machine crescendo. Then as the flag dropped it was gone, bouncing and swaying its way down the flight deck. Navy men cheered as it took the air, return-

(Continued on page 43)



1. Armstrong gives his tiny Stinson Sentinel observation plane some minor repairs. 2. Lopez sidling up to his Grasshopper. Slightly wounded, he stayed on for the entire 40-day campaign. 3. Riordan with his ship that answered its own question during the fighting for Peleliu. 4. Jackson loading his plane with mortar shells and hand grenades to keep the Japs busy while he operated

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

Which way from V-Day?
Which way from the peace table?
Which way to the America we are fighting for?

*There is only one way . . .
To unite for peace as we have for war!*

Now, the power and the promise is clear . . .

Working together, we have launched the greatest fighting fleet the world has ever seen . . .

Together, we can build the greatest merchant fleet ever to fly the skies or sail the seas.

Working together, we have employed for war every willing, able hand . . .

Together, we can build for peace new industries, new markets, new standards of living . . .

Working together, we have made common such strange things as radar, jet propulsion, penicillin . . . we have developed new sciences and perfected old ones, then applied their newly discovered power to smashing our enemies.

Together, we can utilize the new materials, new processes and new sciences, to make reality the dreams of an even greater America.

This is the power of a united America . . .

Its promise—new opportunities for all to live and grow, to work and build, to create the happier life, the better home, the bigger job, the greater future that is the birthright of every American.

With the unwavering conviction that this nation owes to those who have fought and worked to preserve it . . . a strong, a vital and a growing America . . . it is the purpose of this company of men and women to convert its vast production capacity from war to peace as quickly as possible.

To triple its pre-war production of motor cars . . . to build annually more than a million household refrigerators, home freezers, electric ranges and commercial refrigeration units!

This will be our part in helping to create the new jobs, the new opportunities, the new and greater America which will justify the faith of its people in its future.

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"The Andrews Sisters" and Guest Stars
Sundays 4:30 P.M. E.W.T. Blue Network ⚡



Number One **ON THE TASTE PARADE...**

A LUXURIOUS Seagram's 5 Crown high-ball... then tender, juicy hamburgers... yes, we Americans enjoy the good things of life!

Of course, we have to buy wisely... make our red ration points count... to get the right ingredients for a delicious meal. It takes more than ordinary ingredients—more than ordinary skill—to give you the distinctive goodness of Seagram's 5 Crown.

Only the finer whiskeys and grain

neutral spirits distilled especially for blending are used. And these are combined by men whose craftsmanship sums up Seagram's 87 years of experience. Every drop is true pre-war quality! Remember this when you buy... good taste says "Seagram's 5 Crown, please!"

**SEAGRAM TAKES THE
TOUGHNESS OUT... BLENDS
EXTRA PLEASURE IN**



Seagram's 5 Crown

Say Seagram's and be Sure of Pre-War Quality

72½% grain neutral spirits. 86.8 Proof.
Seagram Distillers Corp., New York



Our Man Ham Greene

ON November 19th, while with a Ninth Army patrol near Geilenkirchen in Germany, Hamilton Greene, our Artist-War Correspondent, was wounded in the stomach and lungs by sniper fire, and lay in an exposed position for some hours, until an enemy strong point was wiped out. Greene was taken to a field hospital, and later to a base hospital. Subsequently our Art Director, Frank Lisiecki, got the heartening letter from Lewis Gannet, War Correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, which we reprint here-

with telling of the circumstances of Greene's wounding. We also received a dispatch from the 83d Infantry Division, to which Greene was attached when he wrote and illustrated the article *Recon Troop* which appeared in our December issue. This dispatch, released to American correspondents, was headed "American Legion War Correspondent Wins Admiration of Infantrymen." We like that.

We also like the letter sent us by Brigadier General Frank A. Allen, Jr., U.S.A., Director of the Public Relations

Division, Supreme Headquarters, Allied Expeditionary Force, who wrote, "Mr. Greene was conspicuously forward in every operation in which he participated and was well known to the personnel of the units he accompanied because of his place in the forward assault, where he sought opportunity to watch the reactions of the American soldiers in the attack. We all regret Mr. Greene's wound but will do everything possible to facilitate his recovery."

ALEXANDER GARDINER, *Editor*

November 23, 1944

Dear Mr. Lisiecki:

Last Friday Hamilton Greene and I went up to the little town of Floverich, just captured, which was being pretty heavily shelled, and the coolest man in town was Greene. I talked a while with some prisoners of war and when I came out Greene was tying a Red Cross band on his arm, and he went out with a gang of litter-bearers, out in front of the tanks in direct

fire to pick up wounded. He came out of that all right, but, as you know, he wasn't so lucky on Sunday.

I understand the report has gone to you and that the story is released as of six o'clock tomorrow night, which makes it all right for me to write you. We didn't hear of it until Tuesday; I found him in the field hospital yesterday and saw him again this morning. He got a bullet or two in the stomach and for a time it didn't look too good, but he was so much better today that I feel reasonably sure he's all right.

I took him his mail including a V-mail letter from you which cheered him up no end and a grand letter from his wife, also a copy of the Legion Magazine with a spread of his pictures and story. When I saw him we didn't know yet about release, and he asked me to write you this letter: "I had intended to send an article around the end of this week entitled Into Germany on Wheels, or on Foot or some such stuff as
(Continued on page 32)



Fighters

U.S.
Army Air Force



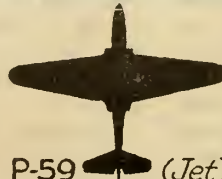
P-38
"LIGHTNING"



P-47
"THUNDERBOLT"



P-51
"MUSTANG"



P-59 (Jet)
"AIRACOMET"



P-61
"BLACK WIDOW"



P-63
"KINGCOBRA"



Elmira and the Ex-GI

By J. C. FURNAS

ONE back from Alaska with frozen feet. Another discharged overage. Another from Guadalcanal with combat-fatigue. Another from the Volturno with a steel claw for right hand. Another injured when an Army hoist collapsed and spilled half a ton of hardware on him. Another from China whittled down by malaria and dysentery. The war is moving into the Philippines and Germany, the mayor's committee is still doing a good job of sending boys off with handshakes and gift-packages. But for these fellows it's "Dismissed!" for keeps.

Their needs can be simply stated, by no means simply met. They need readjustment from military life; jobs and, if possible, a sense of proving something; reacquaintance with wives, family, friends, and a sense of being rewardingly at home; often money-help, often advice-help. Their only obligation is to check in with the draft-board within five days. Then they're on their own, usually as shaken up by being pitchforked into a new environment as when they hit the induction center on their way to war. Appropriately, the civilian

You could call Elmira a typical American city. It's industrialized, but not war-boomed. We asked Mr. Furnas, noted reporter, to find out how this town is fitting the returned service man into its economy. A good job at Elmira, thinks Furnas



Richard F. Buzzard, 15 months with the Army Air Forces, giving his "work history" to Mrs. Eleanor Hutcheson of the U. S. Employment Service Office in Elmira. P. S. He got the job



Mrs. Anne Carpenter, whose husband was killed on D-Day of the Normandy invasion, gets help from Sarah F. Bisbee, Service Officer of the Chemung County Veterans Service Office. She has a boy of three and a girl of four

clothes they left behind don't fit any more—too small because soldiering has them in better condition, too large because illness or GI exercise has peeled them down.

Not GI Joes any longer, just Joes. The home town—in this case, Elmira, N. Y.—is trying to help them. Some of it has worked, some hasn't; some angles are well covered, some missed. The efficacy of much of it can't be judged until this homeward trickle becomes the end-of-the-war flood. Yet the problems of the discharged soldier, sailor or marine stepping off the Lackawanna or Erie in this way up-state New York town are much the same as if it were the Union Pacific in Rawlins or

the Big Four in Terre Haute. Close acquaintance with experiences here may help other communities realize what gives and why.

Elmira needs an unusually good set-up because an unusually high proportion of men entered the armed services from Chemung County, of which it is nucleus. Whereas national figures—maybe 11,000,000 put into uniform from a population of 135,000,000—run one in twelve, Chemung County runs one in nine, a pre-war population of 80,000 supplying over 9500 men. Its proportion of women in jobs is also greatest of any place in the State. And, though it is no extreme war-mushroomed

community, many outsiders have swarmed in for war-jobs from over the nearby Pennsylvania border. Whether the women will quit and the outsiders go home when the shooting stops are just two of the many problems crucial to both Joe and Elmira.

The first hitch is likely to come from Joe's haziness about just what the "GI Bill of Rights" does and does not say and mean. At the separation-center or discharging hospital he was given an official summary of the bill that is clear if carefully read. But Joe often reads hastily and clings to inflated notions prevalent in wards and barracks. He is prone to think that the Bill says he gets his pre-uniform job back regardless or that any time he wants he can borrow \$4,000 from any bank, with a government guarantee. It isn't Elmira's fault that he arrives under misapprehensions, but it means headaches for the town and heartaches for Joe just the same.

The local Re-employment Chairman of Selective Service, who checks Joe in and gets him his old job—if he wants it, if it still exists, if he's entitled to it—is an able and warmhearted local Legionnaire. Beyond him are other agencies intended to supply Joe's wants: The county Veterans' Service Bureau, founded in the dark days of 1931, where a smart and experienced lady gives expert assistance in filling out papers about insurance, disability, pensions and such, and also acts as unofficial mother-confessor. The county Veterans' Relief, under another highly sympathetic Legionnaire who not only handles funds to rescue Joes in hard luck but knows the score on veterans' problems intimately. The local school-system's Veteran's Counsel—a young veteran of World War II himself, CCD'd for arthritis, fresh from six months' intensive personnel-training in AST. The local office of the United States Employment Service, clearing-house for openings if Joe doesn't



Charles Epstein, Director of Veterans Relief Department of the City of Elmira and of the county. A Past Commander of Harry B. Bentley Legion Post and at present its Adjutant, he has done yeoman service



Returning service men find in Robert L. Camp, Assistant Employment Manager of Remington-Rand, Inc., an effective counselor and friend. Mr. Camp is also a Past Commander of Bentley Post

want his old job or can't get it, which tries to find him the right work for his disabilities and, as policy, emphasizes channeling him into war-production. Several local lawyers stand ready to handle his legal problems. A committee set up by the local Farm Bureau will help steer him in buying a farm. From there things tail on down to the local merchant who gives him for free a wear- and dirt-proof photostat of his discharge so he can put the original in safe keeping. And a good idea as far as it goes.

Numerous talks with Joe himself—the men covered were all native-born but with English, Scotch, Irish, Italian, Polish, German and Dutch names—add up to an impression that this line-up of agencies is doing fairly well by them. These offices

generally know the answer if there is one, work hard to get results and—most important of all—are warm and friendly about it. "This town thinks a veteran has just a little more coming to him than the average citizen," says one agency-head. "We've got somehow to take care of him first." Yet, they say, the boys are not at all grabby: "Very little so far of that the-government-had-better-take-care-of-me attitude."

Joe often stays in the Veterans' Service longer than necessary, however, to tell Miss Bisbee about troubles with the wife since he got back. Charley Epstein at Veterans' Relief and George Gillespie of Selective Service also count it a privilege to do father-confessing. Nor does Edwin Mason, the educational counsel, think time

Margaret Kesslak helps George W. Simpson, now Vice Commander of Bentley Post, fill out a claim form in the County Veterans Service Office. Simpson, nine months in the F. A., has his old job back

Four members of the Wives of Service Men's Club, a YWCA-sponsored outfit. Left to right, Mrs. Sweet, Mrs. Manley, Mrs. Jessup, Mrs. Taylor. Their husbands are all overseas



wasted if his caller proves less interested in GI Bill schooling than in a chance to get things off his mind:

"Seeing them would be worth while if all it did was to give them an interested stranger to talk to," he says. As yet there is plenty of time for helpful yarning. How much will be available when the flood really starts may well be something else.

Between lack of time and federal policy, the boys find the atmosphere at USES different. Nobody knows just how many servicemen have returned to the county, but the 200-odd applying at USES in the last ten months are obviously a mere fraction. Elmira factories making bomb-fuses, B-29 motors, valves for ships, firefighting devices and other such war-items still need fresh hands and, under the present set-up, USES must supply them—a big job. Many returning Joes want war-jobs.

"I have been over there," said one. "I know where and why things are needed. OK, I may be out on a CDD, but I can help pitch up the stuff back here." Quick handling gets such a man into a war-plant where he's needed. But, for Joes who feel they've done their share in uniform and what they want now is a job with a peacetime angle and circumstances better suited to their war-damaged souls and bodies—God forbid any civilian should blame them—USES does not feel as helpful and homey as it might. No brush-off or run-around, it appears, but crisp-spoken impersonality. That may be unavoidable when so small a staff has so huge a job.

Local employers co-operate well: "Every personnel-man in town says send him right

His savings in 4½ years' Marine Corps service made it possible for ex-Sergeant Geri Cardinale to buy an interest in a small bakery



over, we'll do all we can." In private some employers are unhappy about the idea of channeling jobs through a government agency—they would rather Joe came round on his own with boss and potential employe figuring it out between them. This is no local angle, however, for the War Manpower Commission calls the USES tune. And, along with national control of USES locally go vocational-guidance, clearing-house and reporting services that can be very handy for Joe. A Guadalcanal marine with a missing hand gets fixed up with a tool-checking job in a factory that, without expert USES help, he would probably never have found himself. A local boy with a dubious lung, whom Army doctors advised

to move to Arizona, comes to USES and, in two weeks, they catch him just the opening he wants in faraway Phoenix with no risk of going out on spec and getting stranded.

While war-work holds up, jobs for the boys are deceptively rife. When lots of discharges gang up with cutbacks in production, going will get tougher. Before that starts, both management and labor in Elmira would like to see the GI Bill's job-clauses clarified and revised. Otherwise, they figure, Joe will wind up behind the eight-ball too often and be pretty sore about it. To carry out present provisions to the letter, says management, could force firing of most of the experienced know-how in the plant. Unions maintain it could force firing of most of their veteran membership of high experience and seniority. Curious situations are possible, such as:

What happens when three servicemen held a given job successively before donning uniforms and all want it back? When an employer has signed a closed shop contract *since* Joe left and Joe comes back saying the law gives me my old job but I won't pay dues? When the plant has more former employes in service, all wanting their old jobs back, than were on its 1939 payroll? When Joe encounters the subtle technical distinctions between "permanent" and "temporary" jobs, with only the first giving him GI Bill protection?

So far most official interpretations sound much too rigid and unrealistic to both management and labor. One consequence, you hear, is that employers, forced by ambiguity to play safe, are unwillingly reluctant to hire anybody but a clear case of one of their old men coming back to an officially permanent job. And both management and labor are showing a curious tendency to write more flexible and more liberal provisions in Joe's behalf into individual con-

Trap drummer in the Liberatore Night Club, Stephen J. Jankowski had more than two years' service doing artillery observation





Bert Baldwin, ex-sailor who is back at his old job of metal straightener. A member of Bentley Post, Bert is married and has two girls, one aged nine and the other a year and a half



A bench inspector in a war plant, Robert Krowl served in the Air Corps as radio operator-mechanic servicing equipment on P-47 Thunderbolts. He is unmarried, and forty-one years old



Meet Alfred Hazen, who spent six months with a Tank Destroyer Regiment, and on discharge got his old job back as operator on a belt sander in a war plant. Alfred is a married man

tracts, filling the chinks in Congress's work off their own bats.

Nervous Joes are gloomy about the immediate future. Now and again a returned serviceman will tell you that he'd like to be back in uniform just for security, and that his buddies are all planning on staying in four to eight years, if they can arrange it, while things shake down at home. Be that as it may, Elmira is not gloomy. The town's bossmen confidently expect full post-war employment.

Reconversion will be simpler here than in some places. Elmira factories are mostly making for war what they made for peace. "All we'll have to do," they say, "is change the color of the paint." The Remington-Rand plant on the edge of town will need a relatively small amount of retooling to get its typewriter-making machines started

on the industry's postwar market of at least a million and a half machines. A smaller plant, with a product taken off priorities this year, already has a peacetime backlog higher than its wartime jam in 1942. Between long-deferred civilian demand and replenishment of dealers' stocks, all figure, they'll be busy quite a spell after shooting stops.

The more women that quit then, the better industry's chances of fitting Joe in. Elmira is just guessing hopefully on that point. Many women, they tell you, were got to work only by high pressure appeals to patriotism, so they should quit readily when the emergency lapses. Optimists point to what happened recently when a local

plant employing a high proportion of women, was rubbed out by production-shifts and the whole payroll laid off—most of those let go, many women included, appear permanently to have disappeared from the local labor-force. Smart guesses are better than nothing, but not good enough. Elmira, and all towns like it, needs to know locally and accurately how many jobs Rosie the Riveter will willingly vacate for Joe come VJ-Day, not to mention VE-Day.

Many Joes, of course, bypass the GI Bill's job-clauses by deciding not to return to their old work. The urge to security is attracting them in large numbers to civil service jobs, federal preferred, with the additional advantage of the highly-preferred civil service standing that the GI
(Continued on page 47)

News photographer for the Elmira Star-Gazette, James B. Walsh had 28 months in the China-Burma-India Theater. Center, Lawrence Webster, veteran of 26 months' service in the Mediterranean, is a postman

Earl Geneway had two and a half years with an Amphibian Training Battalion, all of it in this country. On application, he got his old job back as a drill machine operator in an Elmira war plant





"So reptiles, hot humidity, poisonous insects is only different from quaint French towns. . . ."

Quick Change

By FRANK A. MATHEWS

DEAR POP: Well, here I am again. Or yet. I don't just know how to say it. What I mean is I'm not where I was before but I might as well be. There are a lot of islands out here. I can tell you now I was on an island before, which I couldn't tell you when I was there because that would have been military information. Now it's just stale news. Our captain says stale news is another name for history. I don't know about that, except people don't pay attention to it no matter what it is called.

The officers say this is "unfavorable terrain"—polite for a hell of a place.

What I am trying to get over is that this ain't "Paris in the Spring." Let me tell you one thing, Pop, this is certainly a different kind of war from yours.

Your affectionate son,

JUSTIN X. GOBB, JR.

DEAR JUNIOR: So you think your war is so much differnt from the one I was in, eh? Sure, we got a dozen million men in the service instead of only four million, a lot of new kinds of machinery, it's costing us three hundred billion dollars or more instead of a few billion and us at home gits our food rationed like we was on relief, but a war is a war no matter how you take it.

Oh, yeh, this war's differnt from mine—differnt just like a big elephant is differnt from a little elephant, that's all.

Your affectionate Pop,

JUSTIN X. GOBB

DEAR POP: Well, so reptiles, hot humidity, poisonous insects, malaria, ebony female natives, and jumping from one rock to another rock in the middle of the Pacific Ocean is only different from quaint French

Cartoons by GEORGE SHANKS

towns, a couple of gin mills on every corner, personal relief stations in every block with snappy French mademoiselles going by, like a big elephant is different from a little elephant, huh?

A lot you know about *this* war.

If you had a big elephant I would tell you what you could do with it if I wasn't

Always your respectful

SON

DEAR SON: Now, don't git sore because you may have got the idea my war was a
(Continued on page 45)





All together, now! Only manpower could get this field artillery ammunition trailer to the right side of a river in Italy, so the Fifth Army's GIs huffed and they puffed and they got it across



The Krauts blew up this mountain road, but the Eighth Army engineers by-passed it with another one, and renewed their northward push

The "Forgotten Front"

By FRANK MILES

American Legion War Correspondent

In Italy the Fifth and Eighth Armies carry on their operations in impossible terrain, with horrible weather which only those who have experienced it can appreciate

The American people know something of the tough fighting that preceded the taking of Rome, on June 4, 1944.

After nearly four months of a dogged struggling in rain, fog, mud, sleet and snow with ever increasing cold, the Fifth and Eighth in December were arrayed across North Italy just south of Bologna, where the Germans were again making a determined stand.

The Fifth Army includes the 34th, 85th, 88th and 91st Infantry Divisions, the 1st Armored Division, the 92d Negro Infantry Division, an English corps and elements from Brazil, South Africa and India.

Soldiers of these organizations have proved themselves superb in combat, but they are against a well trained and equipped foe and must operate in terrain which makes mere walking off the few roads almost impossible—to say nothing of fighting and moving munitions and supplies.

"Hitler weather," the GI's call it.

There are those who ask why we are fighting in Italy—why not clear out and use our troops elsewhere, and some wonder why the Nazis under Marshal Kesselring seem so eager to hold on here.

Field Marshal Sir Harold R. L. G. Alexander, supreme allied commander of the Mediterranean Theater of Operations, in an authorized statement to the daily press, set out six answers to these questions:

(1) The Germans intend to hold the Allies as far from the Reich as possible.

(2) They prefer fighting on other people's soil to their own.

(3) Taking food from Northern Italy to supply their troops is better than taking it from a hungry Reich.

(4) Genoa, Milan, Turin and other industrial centers of the Po Valley provide the Wehrmacht with ammunition, transport and other kinds of war material.

(5) For a defensive winter the Po Valley offers the Germans the best of possibilities: the northern end of the Apennines and the water courses in the valley set up a difficult problem for our artillery and armor and make our assaults more difficult than their defense. Bad weather cuts down our asset of air superiority but if we could win the Po Valley, our fighter planes could hammer more effectively at ground targets inside Germany itself.

(6) Italy still has a Fascist government behind the German lines. For the Germans it would be a great morale and political blow to give up all of Italy now.

While the strength of the German army in Italy is not known exactly, there is conclusive evidence that it amounts to more than 26 Divisions. So long as they are held here that long will other German positions be without them.

When the Fifth Army smashed the Gus-
(Continued on page 40)

With the 5th Army in Italy

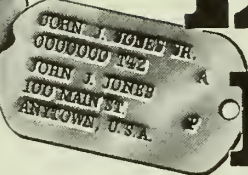
IT'S "the forgotten front" in some minds, these battle areas of the Fifth American and Eighth British armies in North Italy, but it will be vivid in the memory of every surviving Allied and Nazi participant so long as he or she lives. Moreover, when the history of World War II has been written from cold facts and authentic figures, most readers will be convinced that probably the toughest and most costly military fighting humanity has ever known occurred here.

This article was written early in December. At that time, according to the War Department, 6,000,000 Americans in uniform were serving our country overseas, and our casualties—killed, wounded, captured and missing—in all branches, including Pearl Harbor, were some 500,000.

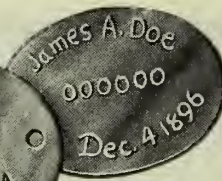
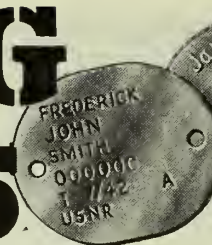
On December 1st there had been 100,000 American losses in Italy—20 per cent of the total engaged.

The Fifth Army was the first full American Army to be activated overseas. It was organized in Africa, and under Lt. Gen. Mark W. Clark, the famous "GI general," was the first American army to fight on European soil when it landed at Salerno on September 9, 1943.

The Wehrmacht was then mighty despite the damage it had suffered in North Africa, Sicily and Russia. Facing the Americans were such units as the 16th Panzer Division, the Hermann Goering Division, elements of the 1st and 3rd Parachute Divisions, one regiment from the 15th Panzer Grenadier Division, one from the 29th, and all of another Panzer Grenadier Division.



DOG TAG DOINGS



News and Views of Today's GI's around the Globe



Mrs. Athalia Brigman, Aberdeen, N. C., proudly displays a special service flag for her adopted soldier-sons from nearby camps. Her own four sons are overseas.

THERE is no intention whatever of disparaging the outstanding accomplishments of the USO in its nation-wide program of providing entertainment, club facilities and special treats for the men and women in uniform, or the similar work the Red Cross, under more strenuous circumstances, is doing for the armed forces in the far-off places where our men are helping to win this war. But this department nominates for special citation those women of America who have opened their hearts and their homes to thousands of youths who have never before been far from their own firesides. Regardless of facilities or efficiency, organizations at their best cannot provide that one particular touch of home.

As a splendid example of one of the adopted "mothers" of servicemen, we present all of you to Mrs. Athalia Brigman who, with a daughter, is displaying her novel service flag. The picture came to us from Captain E. A. Zelnicker, Personal Affairs Officer at Camp Mackall, North Carolina, with this heartwarming story:

To paraphrase a bit, "Mom" Brigman's wish might be "Let me live in a house

by the side of the road—and be a mother to soldiers." Anyway, that is what she has been doing and is continuing to do.

Widowed for seven years, with her four soldier sons serving overseas, she has adopted so many paratroopers, glider-troopers, infantrymen and other soldiers from camps surrounding her hometown of Aberdeen, North Carolina, that she has forty-three stars on the reverse of the service flag she displays for her sons. Under those forty-three stars her daughters have embroidered the affectionate nicknames "Mom" has given her boys.

I am enclosing a photograph of "Mom" with her flag in the middle panel and along the border you will note the insignia of organizations represented. Distinguishable are the 11th, 17th and 13th Airborne Divisions and the 501st, 506th, 507th and 508th Parachute Infantry Regiments—all of which trained at Camp Mackall. The

girl in the picture with "Mom" is Dot, the only one of the four Brigman daughters who thus far has married one of Mom's adopted sons from Mackall—a paratrooper.

The Brigman home is modest and houses Mom and her four daughters, but part of it has been converted into a dormitory that every weekend affords clean comfortable cots for fourteen soldiers far from their own homes. There are no charges, as Mrs. Brigman's compensation lies in the fact that she is doing for other boys in uniform what she would like to be doing for her own sons—James, fighting in Italy, John B., in the Pacific, and the twins, George and Martin, at last report in England.

There is always an abundance of food, the kind a fighting man likes. When a soldier appears to be short of funds, his appetite is satisfied along with that of his buddies. There is not a night that the Brigman home is soldierless. The boys come as they please, they sing, play the piano, accordion, mandolin—but mostly to see "Mom" and to spend a while in their "home away from home."

World War Two will produce many heroes—perhaps from among her four sons or her adopted sons—but whatever heroes may emerge from the fighting fronts none will be more valiant and courageous on the home front than Mrs. Athalia Brigman of Aberdeen, North Carolina.

HERE'S a somewhat belated Christmas story, as it refers to the Christmas before this last one, and it was told to us by T/Sgt. George E. Toles of Camp Lee, Virginia:

"Six months late, a GI here at Camp Lee



last summer received a Christmas greeting card which had traveled at least 8500 miles and ended up only 43 miles from the point of origin.

"Best of all, the envelope, arriving on pay day, contained five bucks, which the recipient sorely needed because he had been transferred around so much that his pay hadn't caught up with him for over two months.

"The card was sent December 13, 1943, from Gholsonville, Virginia, to Private Joseph P. Williamson of Headquarters Company, Station Complement, by his sister. First stop was Corvallis, Oregon, where Williamson was then thought to be stationed. In the meanwhile, however, he had been transferred and the piece of mail followed him to the New York Port of Embarkation. By the time it arrived, Williamson's outfit had sailed but he had been detached and sent to Battle Creek, Michigan.

"The greeting card with its folding-money enclosure was forwarded there and then followed him to Fort Sheridan, Illinois; Camp Ellis, Illinois, and Fort Eustis, Virginia, never catching up with him until he received it at Camp Lee."

EVERY so often a retread from World War One bobs up with an item that we feel even the youngsters in the present forces will enjoy and so we're going to share with you a contribution, which includes the reproduced snapshot, received from J. E. Franklyn on Seabee stationery from Camp Parks, California, a few months ago. Legionnaire Franklyn wrote:

"Am enclosing a snapshot which may be of interest to readers of Dog Tag Doings.

"The three comrades pictured are William F. (Bill) Hodge, Jack Franklyn (myself); and Archie Tanner, all members of the famous Second Division in the A. E. F. during World War One. None of us had met the others during the intervening years until we ran into each other at the



Three 2d Division vets, Hodge, Franklyn and Tanner, 1st A. E. F., meet up again in the Seabees

Marine Base in Camp Lejeune, North Carolina, and believe it or not, all three of us were again serving in the same outfit. We left Lejeune together and came out to Camp Parks. When the snap was taken, we were in the Seabees and attached to the Marines.

"Archie Tanner, with the 83d Company, 6th Regiment of Marines, is a member of Springfield (Illinois) Post of the Legion; William F. Hodge, a veteran of the old 9th Infantry, belongs to Athens (Texas) Post, while I, formerly with Company D, 2d Ammunition Train, am affiliated with Maywood (California) Post. Although with different units of the Second Division, we three knew each other overseas and shared many bouts with vin blanc, vin rouge and cognac. Tanner and I had been patients in Evacuation Hospital No. 1 in the A. E. F. at the same time.

"I hope if the picture and this letter appear in Dog Tag Doings that through that interesting department of our favorite magazine we will hear from some of our buddies of World War One days. My present address is c/o Station Post Office, Camp Parks, California."

WE pass along to you some miscellaneous items which Corporal William Larkin of the Signal Corps, Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, reports he

picked up from soldiers returned from theaters of operation as well as from other sources:

The 1st Division Cavalry, Dismounted, during one of the earlier actions in the Southwest Pacific, captured two Jap launches intact and were using them to provide taxi service around the local harbor.

Major Arthur Herman of New Orleans, Louisiana, was commodore of this all-soldier Navy. The lingo of the crew was his biggest trouble because the loyal GI's refused to use such naval terms as stem, stern, port and starboard. Every cavalryman, even though dismounted, insisted upon saying head, tail, near-side and off-side.

When PFC Leonidas W. Byers shipped out of a U. S. camp he promised a number of his buddies he would write upon arrival at his destination. Soon afterwards letters arrived for the thirteen boys he'd left behind.

All except one of the letters started in the middle of a sentence, and all except one ended the same way. After some super-deduction it developed he had written only one letter thirteen pages long and had sent one page to each of his former fellow-soldiers.

Eleven of the men had to wait for the other two to return from furlough before the jigsaw letter could be read properly.

TECHNICAL requirements of modern warfare will result in tens of thousands of fighters returning home after the war with training and knowledge they might not otherwise have acquired. The nation will be swamped with men and women versed in radio and meteorology, radar and camouflage and scores of other technical subjects, many of which can be adapted to peacetime pursuits. Of course, among those regiments of technicians, there were thousands who had some training in specialized work or latent talents which were developed.

In what might be termed extra-curricular activities, as far as the services are concerned, there are thousands who proved to be embryonic artists, musicians, composers, lyricists and artists, most of whom have had their talents discovered. For instance, we direct your attention to the reproductions of two murals that were painted by talented teen-age sailors stationed at the Naval Air Station on Whidbey Island, Washington. These youngsters were unearthed by Legionnaire Thomas Moore of George Morris Post, San de Fuca, Washington, who is doing a swell job as Director of the USO-NCCS Club at Oak Harbor, Washington, on Whidbey, which Moore boasts is the second largest island in the United States. Through Comrade Moore we take pleasure in introducing these two young artist-sailors:

Alongside the mural of a hand-to-hand battle scene we find 19-year-old Calvin Lee Culbertson who, despite his artistic talents, holds rating as Aviation Radioman 3cl.



Born in Hannibal, Missouri, his family moved to Kansas City, Missouri, where Culbertson, after graduating from Westport High School, joined the Navy in February, 1943. He won his rating through training at the Naval Aviation Radiomen's Schools at San Diego, California, and Great Lakes, Illinois, and last summer was transferred to the N. A. S. on Whidbey Island. The mural was copied from a small original painting by the nationally-known artist, Harold von Schmidt, which appeared in *Look* magazine.

The second mural, depicting "three Corsair Navy fighters downing a Heinkel Bomber, while in the sea below two PT boats roar in to finish off an enemy submarine," is an original painting done by another 19-year-old—Frank D. Griffin—who holds the same rating as artist Culbertson. Born in Swanton, Ohio, Frank enlisted in the Navy at Toledo, on December 24, 1942, the day before his 18th birthday. From Great Lakes, he attended radio school in Memphis, Tennessee, aerial gunners' school in Hollywood, Florida, then to Jacksonville, Florida, and San Diego, California, finally being assigned to the N. A. S. at Whidbey Island. While at San Diego he designed the Black Cat insignia of Patrol Squadron 71, which is now in the South Pacific. His art training consists of only one year's studies at high school.

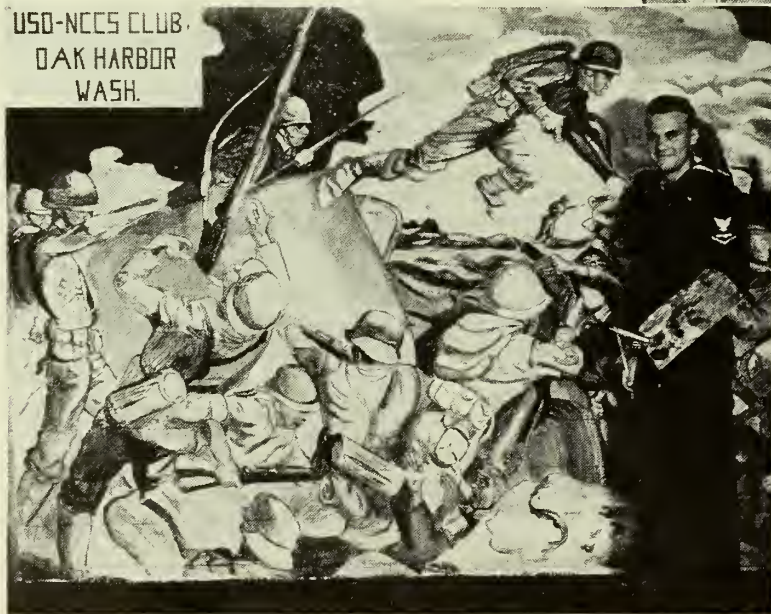
THIS department is glad to discover there are in the services some artists who can produce work other than gag cartoons. Scores of the latter have descended upon the Orderly Room. Don't forget there's folding money awaiting GI Joes and Janes who submit informal snapshots of amusing or unusual incidents, short anecdotes and similar material of general interest.

AND here is another Corporal Larkin yarn—a flashback to the days of the first A. E. F. told to him by a veteran friend:

Some GIs were discussing a bar which was "For Officers Only," when a reminiscing retread veteran of the earlier World War related this incident that took place in the very exclusive Hotel Savoy in London.

Two 19-year-old Naval Aviation Radiomen, Frank D. Griffin (right), and Calvin L. Culbertson (below), Naval Air Station, Whidbey Island, Washington, with the murals they painted in the nearby Oak Harbor USO-NCCS Club directed by Legionnaire Thomas Moore

USO-NCCS CLUB
OAK HARBOR
WASH.



"Sure it's a mortar, but it's not meant to mix mortar in, you dope!"

"Mortar!!? I'm trying to churn us some butter, Sarge!"

One evening Lieutenant Ralph Lehan, of Taunton, Massachusetts, asked for a room. He was presented by the clerk on duty with a big old-fashioned register. Glancing down the page, this is what he saw:

Maj. Lord Wilfred I. J. Innis-Kerr, MO, MC

Lt. Col. Humphrey Willis Holliston, CF, MO

Col. Sir James Illingsworth, VC, OL, DFC, CG

Cmdr. Paul P. Pittlesworth, SM, BSC, OR

WT2c Joe Butts, USN, AWOL, SOL

EVIDENTLY some GIs are again suffering similar sad experiences immortalized during World War I in the song, "Sister Susie's Sewing Socks for Soldiers," according to a tale Sgt. Harold Winerip sent from the Netherlands West Indies. T/4 Eddie Chernutsky, cook, tells it this way:

"A couple of years ago when I was getting Infantry basic at Camp Wheeler, Georgia, we went on a hike one morning—a 15-miler. After a



while the sun began beating down and I started sweating.

"But worst of all were my feet. Ordinarily I don't have bad dogs, my shoes were broken in good and my sox were brand new. But those tootsies of mine got so painful I began limping. There was an ache around my left great toe that almost drove me nuts.

"Well, came late afternoon and I thanked everything holy that I made it back to camp. I reported to the medics and they presented me with a pot to soak my feet in. I yanked off my shoes and sox, took a look inside the south-paw sock to see if maybe a pebble was in there.

"There was something in the toe all right—a ball of paper with a note on it from the patriotic packer: 'Good marching to the soldier who wears these sox!'"

JOHN J. NOLL
The Company Clerk

MEET THE FOLKS FROM FONTANA

They've got a new \$120,000,000 plant that wouldn't exist — except for trucks



But — that's nothing to what Trucks are doing for Your City — creating new jobs, new homes, new wealth!

Yes, trucks put your home—every store, factory and farm near you—within easy and economical shipping distance of every home and every community in this great, broad land of ours. You benefit—everybody benefits.

You can thank local men . . . companies from your home town . . . for the initiative and defiance of personal risk that bring you trucking's benefits.

HOW MOTOR TRANSPORT PAYS YOUR CITY
Trucks travel direct routes—often travel

faster than U. S. mail. They make faster deliveries, with less handling, less damage. That means lower prices to you.

Trucks help merchants keep inventories lower — “turn-over” higher. Round the clock trucking speeds production . . . effects mass economies for everyone . . . quickens business activity . . . helps build a sounder, stronger American way of life.

In fact, over 54,000 communities — 43% of all U. S. towns — depend almost exclusively on trucks.

Through depression . . . prosperity . . . war . . . trucking re-awakes slumbering communities—creates new industries, new jobs, new opportunities.

SO LET'S NOT “CRAMP TRUCKING'S STYLE”

Remember this when you hear plans to force transportation under direction of giant, impersonal corporations. Trucking's benefits can continue only if trucking remains independent. The American Trucking Industry. AMERICAN TRUCKING ASSOCIATIONS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

TRUCKS CREATE NEW INDUSTRIES—NEW JOBS—NEW WEALTH!



HAM GREENE

(Continued from page 19)

that, taking the GI through the initial phases of the new push. I believe it would have been a good piece but I had no more than begun to collect my material for this stirring piece of journalism when certain arbitrary powers and circumstances beyond my control persuaded me to postpone it." "I'd like to indicate by the tone of this letter," he said, "that I'm not worried—don't make it too grim. And tell him I got the V-mail and the magazine."

He got his nip after the taking of Geilenkirchen. He went up and stayed with the regiment that did the job, followed the first wave in and through the town, and then, when the boys were temporarily pinned down along the railroad tracks, walked on until he met a captain he'd known and liked, who was right at the front. They moved on up over the railroad embankment when suddenly they heard sounds which did not seem to come from our own men, and they lay very flat on the ground. Greene didn't really believe it was enemy fire until a bullet hit a post smack in front of him, whereupon the captain said, "All right, boys, get up and pull out, we can't stay here. Keep down and start moving." Greene was just pushing his elbows into the cinders when he felt it hit him. The guy behind him saw him squirm, asked if he was hit and if he could move. He said, "Yes," but a couple of crawls was all he could do. The others had to pull out but stayed in sight for a time, motioning to him, but the Jerries brought up reinforcements, apparently, and finally some British tanks, followed by medics, came up and picked him up.

There's a nice girl nurse, Lt. Katherine Flynn of Worcester, in charge of his ward, and a swell red-headed Red Cross girl, Mary

Christopher from Iowa, will help him with letters until he's able to sit up and do his own. (Tell his wife she's absorbed in an infantry lieutenant, so not to worry.) They'll probably keep him there for another week and then ship him to some more permanent establishment. He's in amazingly good spirits, and the nurse says his sense of humor helps her with the entire ward. (There's a very complaining German boy in the bed on his left, and a swell GI on his right.) That's the story. I don't know how long it will be until he can write and draw for you.

LEWIS GANNET

HEADQUARTERS COMMUNICATIONS ZONE EUROPEAN THEATER OF OPERATIONS

UNITED STATES ARMY

WITH THE 83RD INFANTRY DIVISION, FRANCE—Hamilton ("Ham") Greene, illustrator and author who served as a war correspondent for The American Legion Magazine with the 83d Division during the 3rd Army's drive across France, won the respect and admiration of the division's fighters because he was a "foxhole correspondent" and not a "swivelchair columnist."

"Ham" Greene is no longer with the 83rd Division; on official orders he recently left to "cover" another sector of the long Western front. The fighting GI's of the 83rd miss him and his never failing good-humor, his good down-to-earth common sense, and his "guts." Armed with only pencil and paper, "Ham" could usually be found right at the front, sketching something he had witnessed a few minutes before or interviewing some Joe.

"Ham" would always explain his presence up there by simply saying, "Hell, how can a guy expect to draw pictures of combat



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Guaranteed Satisfaction. Strand Clothes are backed by a written guarantee of "satisfaction or money back." We couldn't possibly make that offer unless we were successful in pleasing the men who buy Strand made-to-measure clothes.

Good Quick Profits. Every sale you make nets you a substantial, immediate profit. And, if you are a good producer, our "Extra Profits plan" makes it possible for you to earn even more. Yet, because Strand Clothes are sold by you, DIRECT FROM THE MAKER TO THE WEARER, the prices are surprisingly low.

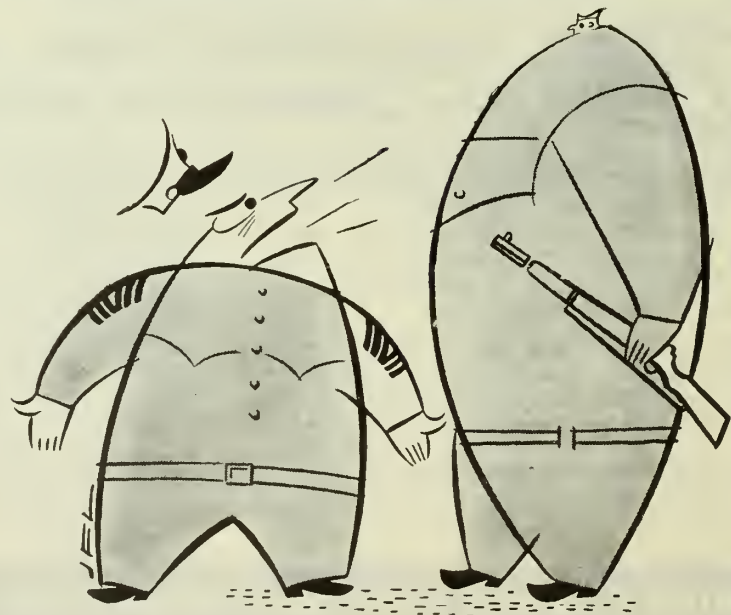
Full Time or Part Time. It's pleasant work—calling on men at their homes or places of business and offering them a fine selection of clothes made to their measure at prices that actually save them money! Whether you devote all your time to the tailoring business or only part time, you make good money!

Your Outfit Free! We'll furnish you everything you need to start business—including large samples of hundreds of all-wool fabrics and a fine looking selling outfit. We instruct you exactly how to take correct measurements. Yes, sir, we'll start you in business without a penny's cost to you! Just write us that you saw this ad and we'll do the rest.

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TAILORING CO., Inc.

Dept. L-52, 2501 to 2511 E. EAGER STREET
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"Use yer head, Armstrong! Use yer head!"

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*Fast Becoming
AMERICA'S
NEW
FAVORITE*

Make a Date with **GOOD TASTE**

Wherever you're going, there's Good Taste waiting in the smooth, mellow goodness of Blatz.

It's a beer to seek...one to enjoy...one to remember—with pleasure.

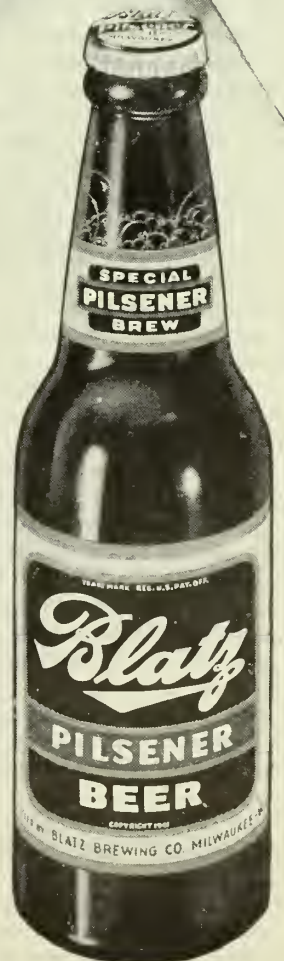
Try this finer beer that's never sharp...never bitter...always ripe and ready. Whenever you want enjoyment, it's a date!

Blatz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis. • In our 94th year

MILWAUKEE'S MOST EXQUISITE BEER



Buy **MORE**
War Bonds



or write about it if he's never been up there to see it and to feel it."

In fact, at one time when the 83rd was charged with patrolling and holding a line along the Loire River, "Ham" Greene went far in advance of the American lines, deep in German territory, all the way to Bordeaux and back.

"Ham's" favorite outfit in the 83rd was the Reconnaissance Troop, a group of devil-may-care operators under the command of Captain Hester A. Drum. At the time the 83rd had reached the Loire River, the juncture of the Third and Seventh American armies had isolated a large group of Germans in Southwestern France and it was the mission of Capt. Drum to cross the Loire and probe enemy defenses in this area, as well as to contact FFI agents there and learn of their needs and gather information from them. "Ham," fully aware of the dangers of this mission, volunteered to accompany Capt. Drum. "There ought to be a lot of good sketches and stories in the trip," he said.

During this trip "Ham" sped through unknown roads during the black of night, dodged German patrols, narrowly escaped death several times from both the Germans and the Maquis who often shoot first and ask questions afterward, and watched the RAF drop supplies and ammunition to the FFI. He was one of the "liberators" of many French towns and cities, including the great port of Bordeaux.

When Capt. Drum and "Ham" finally came back to the 83rd Division Command Post, "Ham" went to work and drew what he had seen and wrote about the 83rd Reconnaissance Troop. There was only one part of the trip that "Ham" would discuss at any length. That was his experiences as a liberator: the wine, the flowers, the kisses, the triumphant cries of joy and the American flags that appeared as if by magic from cellars and attics.

The 83rd Division came to France on D plus 13 and "Ham" Greene came to the Division shortly thereafter in time to cover its drive across the Brittany Peninsula and the Battle of Saint Malo. He had previously served as war correspondent with the 8th and 9th Air Forces, based in England, and many a time when the 83rd was under German "88" fire, "Ham" kept up the morale of the boys with talks of his experiences with the Air Force. "Ham" knew the score in the air; he completed 16 combat missions in Marauders, Liberators and Fortresses. And he learned the score on the ground with the doughboys, the hard way.

If "Ham" ever reads this article, he'll probably say, "Hell, I didn't expect to get anything like that till I was dead." But the men of the 83rd feel that "Ham" Greene deserves this tribute while he's still alive and kicking and up front with the infantry.

Captain Cahill of the War Department telephoned this message from Washington to our office in New York:

"Latest report from the 9th Army states that Mr. Greene is improving. He was seriously wounded on the 19th of November

while with an assault platoon in the attack on Geilenkirchen. A bullet from small arms fire entered his abdomen and pierced his stomach and the corner of one lung. Physicians say that his chances of recovery are good."

THE EDITOR'S CORNER

(Continued from page 2)

to work at night, principally with soldiers. Once the dog is on a leash with the soldier or, as is sometimes the case, within the war dog harness (which tends to pull his nose down) he is alert to every command and manifestation. When the soldier says "Watch him!" the dog immediately turns vicious.

If the individual who has attracted his attention carries a stick, pistol or gun, the dog is doubly vicious. His fur goes up, he growls and with hate in his eye watches the person indicated. At the command "Get him!" he will proceed to take the object apart. . . . The chief dog handler at Fort Belvoir is Corp. Frank J. Borden, Jr. His cordial co-operation in making it possible for Ben De Brocke to get this fine cover picture is appreciated by both Mr. De Brocke and the magazine.

RUFUS KING, whose mystery story *Memo of Hate* revolves about a war dog, is one of the most successful of the who-done-it writers in this country. A veteran of Mexican Border service, he was with the 105th F. A. in France in 1917-18. He has written a great many short stories, books and plays on the mystery theme in

the past twenty years. His home is at Rouses Point, New York.

THE nation is still short of paper, and it is unlikely that there can be any real relief until six months after the European section of this global war ends. Has your Post helped this cause along with as much vim as possible? As with the purchase of war bonds, you help yourself while doing a good job for your country when you salvage paper.

In many communities Legion Posts have helped various community projects along through taking charge of the collection of waste paper. In one town the proceeds will provide a memorial to the dead of this war. In other communities Posts have used the money to finance canteens and community centers, or to set up veterans of this war in small-business projects. Many cities and towns have adopted the "Paper Holiday" plan under which retail merchants forego wrapping any products in paper other than fresh cuts of meat. The first campaign of this sort was staged in Peoria, Illinois, last summer, and was a huge success. "Holidays" have been held in such large cities as Philadelphia, Boston, Minneapolis and Pittsburgh, and in towns as small as Wellesley, Mass.; Ashland, Ky., and Ottumwa, Iowa.

ALEXANDER GARDINER



to the man who is
getting out of uniform



Your life as a fighting man was lived
in the best clothes. And you'll
always be proud of your uniform,
always have a warm feeling toward it.

It's the uniform of the best country
on earth. Take care of it! Treasure
it through the years. For it served
you well...and the reason it did is
because it was made of the finest
materials available.

You've been used to the best.

Stay with the best when you switch
back to civilian clothes.*

The better the clothes, the better
tools you'll have to work with in
your new life that's ahead.

Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes



are good clothes

* According to official figures approximately
100,000 members of the armed forces are now
being discharged each month.

Anyone who knows
can tell the **REAL THING!**



IT'S DOGGONE easy to understand why this setter is startled. Our friends react the same way when they meet a substitute for Calvert whiskey.

For Calvert, you see, is "the real thing." One taste tells that this magnificent blend is at the peak of pre-war excellence—a whiskey that can't be imitated!

That's why, no matter how many other whiskies may come along,

the preference for Calvert always remains unchanged.

In fact, people who serve and sell Calvert tell us: "Before the war, during the shortage, and now—Calvert *was*, and *is*, the whiskey most often asked for by name."

Naturally, *you'll* want to be sure the whiskey you serve and enjoy is "the real thing." So keep asking for Calvert—until you *get* this gloriously smooth and mellow blend.

AMERICA'S
FINEST WHISKIES—
FROM THE
HOUSE OF BLENDS!



Today, more than ever...

Clear Heads Choose Calvert

CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., N.Y.C. BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 Proof. Calvert "Reserve": 65% Grain Neutral Spirits... Calvert "Special": 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits

PERMANENT LIBERTY

(Continued from page 15)

themselves in civilian life, under the direction of Captain Bunting there has been formulated a system of individual follow-up for a period of ninety days after each man's discharge.

The plan is now in force in connection with sailors who are receiving their discharges at the Lido Beach Redistribution Center, on Long Island, New York, the pioneer of many such centers which eventually will be established in all Naval Districts. During the course of the processing at Lido Beach full information regarding each man—his home address or the address to which he intends to go, his record of service, his physical condition, the date, type and character of discharge, the address of his local Selective Service Board and other essential data are recorded on a form by the Navy's Civil Readjustment Officer. In the regular distribution of this form, one copy is sent from the Naval District in which the man is discharged to the Naval District in which he intends to reside.

Thirty days after a man has received his discharge, the following letter is sent to him by the District Civil Readjustment Officer, Headquarters of the Commandant Third Naval District:

Dear Sir: The interest which the Navy has in its personnel does not terminate with a discharge. The Navy is concerned about the welfare of each of its former members and his return to civilian life, and mindful of the important part each must play in the future of our country. This applies to you personally. Will you please fill in the reverse side of this letter and return it to this office, using the enclosed self-addressed envelope.

The heavy response to this letter indicates that the discharged men appreciate this continuing interest in their post-service welfare. Most of the replies request information about educational aid and civil service employment. Prompt acknowledgment is made of all letters in which additional aid is requested, and if a man desires, he may call at the office of the Civil Readjustment Officer at Naval District headquarters where specially-qualified personnel men are prepared to discuss his problems with him.

For such consideration of its former members, the Navy rates a double salute!

The day we were privileged to spend at the Redistribution Center proved to be salty in many ways to former doughboys Frank Lisiecki and myself, and to our photographer, Ben De Brocke, and his assistant, August Bucker. We were greeted by the Officer of the Deck and were escorted up and down ladders to upper and lower decks where the activities of the Center are car-

ried on. The Receiving Station of which the Center is now a part is situated on the beach at Lido and during before-the-war days was the hotel of a swank seaside golf club and bathing resort. The vast Atlantic spreads before it.

The extensive lobby has been converted into offices, the former main diningroom is now the mess hall for enlisted men, a recreation room equipped with pingpong and pool tables, with a piano and easy chairs and a well-stocked library adjoining occupy one entire wing on the first deck. On that same deck is a ship's store, a barber shop with free service, a tailor, a newsstand and soda fountain and lunchroom. An enclosed passageway leads to a tiled swimming pool in a separate glass-enclosed building. All of these facilities are made available to the men while they await the processing that leads to the issuance of their discharges.

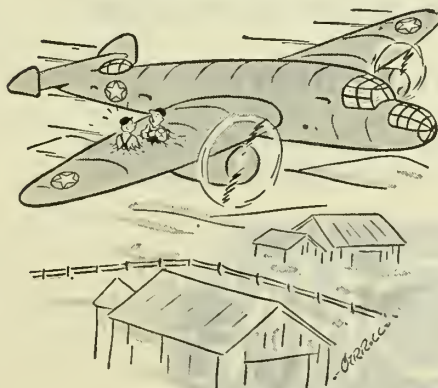
Those last days in uniform are made as pleasant as possible and while it must be admitted that most of the men are eager to return to civilian life, under the circumstances speed in processing is not considered essential.

Until additional Redistribution Centers are activated, sailors from every section of the country will continue to be processed at Lido Beach.

One entire wing on the third deck is set aside for the Redistribution Center and therein are located the offices of the Officer in Charge, Lieutenant Commander Fred C. Dietrich, the Division Office under Lieutenant Kenneth Erfft, the Civil Readjustment Office with Lieutenant C. E. Sauers as Chief Interviewing Officer, the Medical Office of which Lieutenant Commander A. Blau, MC, is in charge, as well as offices for representatives of the Veterans Administration, the Veterans Employment Service, the Red Cross, the Legion and other veterans' organizations. A special office is provided for the Chaplain, whose advice on personal matters may be voluntarily sought by discharges.

Drafts of men, varying in size, are brought to the Center in buses from the railroad station.

At the Receiving Desk, the incoming dis-



"I wonder what happened to the noon-day whistle."

HOW ABOUT YOUR OWN RECONVERSION?

COMING out of the Armed Forces and into civilian life is reconversion, too.

Many of the more than a million Americans honorably discharged from the Services in this war have found the answer in I. C. S. Courses.

I. C. S. Courses are being studied, too, by thousands of soldiers, sailors, marines and coast guards who are thinking ahead to tomorrow while fighting magnificently today.

With I. C. S. training it isn't necessary to go back to the same old rut of before the war. Nor will you find very many I. C. S. graduates unemployed at any time.

That's because I. C. S. training is *practical, thorough, authoritative . . .* and there's always a need for men so trained in industry and business.

Mail the coupon NOW for complete information!



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Explain fully about your course marked X:

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Air Conditioning | <input type="checkbox"/> Jr. Aero. Engineer |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Plastics |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry | <input type="checkbox"/> Radio |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Work |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Diesel Engines | <input type="checkbox"/> Ship Construction |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Drafting | <input type="checkbox"/> Shop Practice |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card and |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electronics | <input type="checkbox"/> Sign Lettering |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Foremanship | <input type="checkbox"/> Textiles |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Weather Observation |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Welding |
| | (Fill in any other subject) |

Name..... Age.....

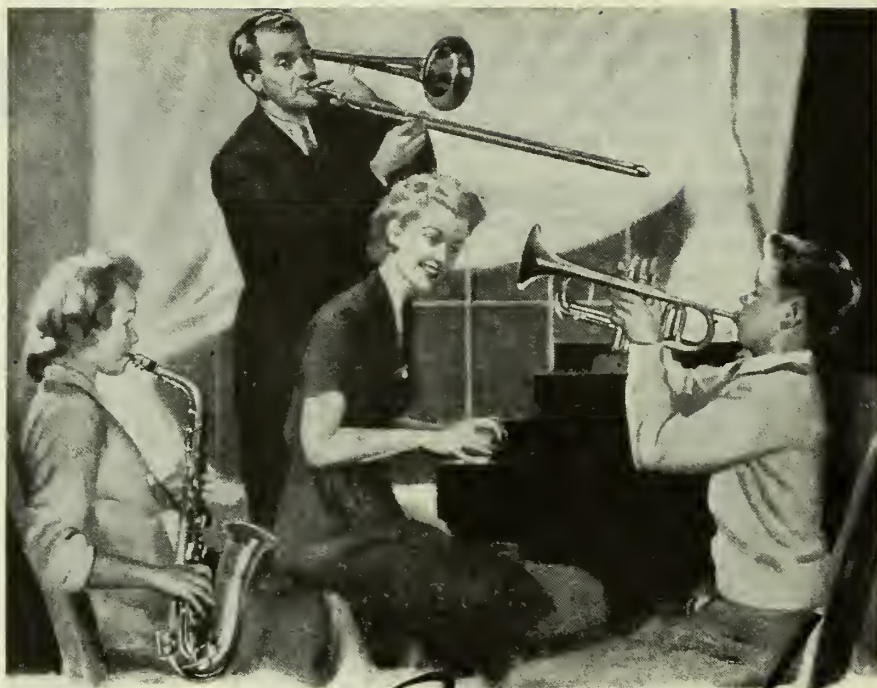
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Position..... Hours..... A.M. to..... P.M.

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● ENJOY many pleasant hours and "Keep Young" by *making music* with your children. Music is the ideal outlet for youthful emotions, and it's refreshing and relaxing to "Mom" and "Dad," too! It helps bring parents and children closer together, leads to a better understanding and helps eliminate the "youth problem."

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CONN

BAND INSTRUMENTS

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF BAND INSTRUMENTS

chargees are logged in, their records and orders examined, the Division Office notified of their arrival. Then in charge of a petty officer the men report to the Store Room on the 5th deck where an inventory is taken of their gear, excess gear is picked up and mattresses are issued for use during their stay at the Center. Returning to the Division Office, they are assigned to billets, given bunk tags and barracks instructions, and at the same time booklets explaining their rights and benefits under the GI Bill of Rights and other veterans' legislation.

Each morning at 8:30 an indoctrination meeting is held at which the newly-arrived men are welcomed to the Center, are given general instructions regarding the processing and have briefly explained to them the special government rights and benefits which they have earned through their service.

The Records Office determines which men are ready for processing and they report, in turn, to the Medical Office for a complete physical examination, to a specialist for a preliminary interview, and then to the Civil Readjustment Office, where the Senior Interviewer or one of his assistants interviews each man personally. Here questions regarding privileges under the GI Bill of Rights and other legislation are fully answered and post-discharge employment is discussed.

Then comes the important visit to the Disbursing Officer. Their pay accounts having been checked against their service records and other discharge papers, the men receive their accumulated pay, mustering-out pay due them and travel allowances.

Before I tell of the final assembly of discharges, I should like to have you learn about a few of the many men whom our party met. There were, of course, a number of the "problem children," if one can give that interpretation to patriotic enthusiasm—those fifteen- and sixteen-year-olds who fibbed about their ages and without consent of their parents enlisted in the Navy. Few of them advance beyond the period of boot training before being caught up with and sent back to their homes and schools. Most of them are indignant at such treatment and vow they'll re-up with the Navy or enlist in the Army as soon as they reach the required age. Jack Dean Campbell of West Jefferson, Ohio, Donald Reynolds of East Orange, New Jersey, and Robert A. Stappenbacher of Rochester, New York, were of this group.

At the other age extreme, I found Arthur Le Roche of Gardner, Massachusetts, who was completing a hitch as ship's cook 1cl on training ships out of the Boston Navy Yard. Le Roche while not in active service during World War One, spent almost two and a half years guarding prisoners as a member of his State's Home Guard. Although a stove enameiler by trade, his hobby is cooking and so he answered the Navy's appeal for cooks.

We found one Legionnaire among the men we met—a member of Sheridan (Police) Post of Brooklyn, New York. Francis A. Lombardo served in the Navy during World War One as a shipfitter incl. Re-enlisting in this war, after retirement from the New York Police Force, Lombardo became chief boatswain's mate with the 70th Naval Construction Battalion (Seabees) and traversed North Africa with his outfit from Casablanca to Tunisia.

The presentation of discharge certificates and discharge buttons is made at a brief but impressive ceremony which we were permitted to witness. Assembled in groups in the office of the Officer in Charge, the men are thanked for their service to the Navy and regret is expressed that circumstances require their separation before the final victory is won. The certificate and button are presented to each man individually and with a handshake and wishes for future success, the newly-discharged veterans start on the path back to civilian pursuits.

Although closely associated with the Navy, no members of the Coast Guard or of the Marine Corps are cleared through the Lido Beach Redistribution Center. Men of those branches receive their discharges at the stations where they are located at the time they are to be separated from the service. Civil Readjustment Officers are available to give the men such aid as they may require. At present, members of the WAVES are being discharged at the WAVE Barracks in New York City.

BOOKS RECEIVED

AS A service to the men and women in uniform and to their families, and also to Legionnaires who want to keep pace with the global activities of World War Two, we will list in this column all new books pertaining to the present war (with the exception of fiction) that are sent to us by their publishers. All such books will be added to the comprehensive reference library of the Legion Magazine.

MY LIFE TO THE DESTROYERS by Captain J. A. Abercrombie and Fletcher Pratt. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$2.75

"AZ YOU WERE!" by Chaplain Alva J. Brasted (Col., ret.), with cartoons by Cpl. Edgar Allen, Jr. Morehouse-Gorham, New York. \$1.25

OUTFIT NOTICES

SPACE restrictions permit us at present to publish only timely announcements of scheduled reunions. Prospects are bright that before long we can resume the general service to veterans' organizations that this magazine has always rendered.

Details of the following reunions may be obtained from the Legionnaires listed:

U.S.S. LEVIATHAN VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion-dinner, World War I crew, Dunhill Restaurant, 40th St. & Broadway, New York City, Sat., Apr. 7. R. L. Hedlander, Greenwich, Conn.

302D ENGRS.—Annual reunion-dinner, 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th St., New York City, Feb. 17. Fred A. Rupp, adjt., 28 E. 39th St., New York City.

CHEM. WARFARE SERV. VETS. ASSOC.—Regional meeting, New York City, Feb. 10. Geo. W. Nichols, sec.-treas., RD 3, Kingston, N. Y.

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A BUSINESS WITH A FUTURE!



Returning veterans! How would you like to be your own boss . . . to establish your own business and make it grow more profitable year by year? That's the opportunity offered by the automotive service industry for men who are qualified to start their own garage or service station. The initial investment is relatively low, the demand for service is constant, the possibilities of expansion are unlimited. Your hard work and initiative bring sure results!

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As the sales and service representative for leading manufacturers of original-equipment service parts and products, United Motors Service "has what it takes" to help you build a profitable service business. You get the benefit of United Motors' knowledge of markets and merchandising. You get individually-planned merchandising programs to boost your sales and profits with each United Motors line. You get complete catalogs, service and technical information and time-saving exchange plans to speed the flow of service and keep you up to date on latest service methods. A United Motors franchise makes the foundation of a successful automotive service business.

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Absorbers . . . Guide Lamps . . . New Departure Ball Bearings . . . Klaxon Horns . . . Hyatt Roller Bearings . . . Harrison Radiators, Thermostats and Heaters . . . Inlite Brake Lining. These *original-equipment* service parts and products are the basis of a steady, profitable service business.

Just fill in the coupon below and mail direct to us . . . we will arrange for a personal interview between you and a United Motors Service distributor.

NOTE: Legionnaire veterans of World War I are also urged to fill in the coupon below and obtain this information in the interest of sons or friends now serving in the armed forces

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DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
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Here's a proposition that will interest every man who has even thought of going into business for himself—a chance to sell America's most famous made-to-measure clothes **DIRECT** at prices so reasonable that every man you know is a live prospect!

Homeland made-to-measure clothes are nationally known and nationally respected. Every garment is made to the customer's measure and perfect fit is **ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED**. You'll find selling such fine clothes pleasant and profitable work—pleasant because you do your customer a real favor by giving him splendid value and service; profitable because you can build a steady increasing business season after season. And you are **IN BUSINESS FOR YOURSELF**—working where and when you please—full time or part time!

All-wool fabrics Hundreds of them including a fine selection of tropical worsteds in beautiful assortment—and every suit made to exact measure with a **GUARANTEE** of satisfaction or money back!

Immediate profits. You make a fine profit on every sale—and in addition you make extra profits if you are a good producer. And, because Homeland made-to-measure clothes are sold **DIRECT** from **MAKER** to **WEARER**, the prices are so temptingly low that your friends appreciate it when you show them your line.

Complete outfit free. We furnish you everything you need to start business—including your samples, equipment and kit. We instruct you how to take measurements accurately—we even give you free advertising. Write for details—no cost, no obligation.

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BALTIMORE (3), MARYLAND



"FORGOTTEN FRONT"

(Continued from page 27)

tav line its artillery fired a ship load of ammunition a day and its signal linemen strung 1,000 miles of new wire and cable every 24 hours. Those would be real supply problems under normal conditions, but at that time the Fifth was in a country that called for 13,000 mules and horses to pack supplies, including ammunition and wire, to troops above the jeep line.

The Gothic line was in frightful terrain for an attacking army. The Fifth Army quartermaster issued 12,000 pack boards to one Corps alone because in that sector GI's often had to lug rations and ammunition to the front on their backs.

By late October some troops below Bologna were being supplied by rope ferries stretched across streams flooded by weeks of torrential rains.

An Infantry Division uses 400 tons—800,000 pounds—of supplies a day.

An Armored Division uses 20,000 gallons of gasoline a day at rest; up to 50,000 a day in action.

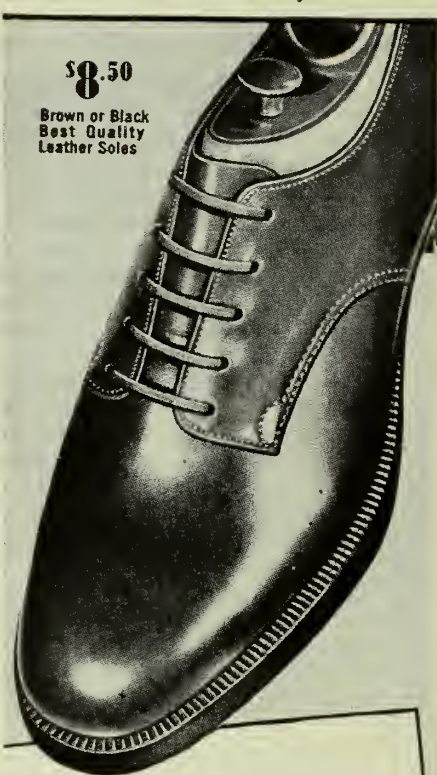
The Fifth Army burned 400 gallons of gasoline every minute it moved through Rome on June 5th.

Despite the innumerable difficulties, the spirit of the fighting men of the Fifth and Eighth Armies is wonderful. Of course there are gripes—to gripe is a soldier's traditional prerogative—but dereliction of any kind of duty ordered is extremely rare.

Send this copy of your magazine to a friend or relative overseas. See page 2 for postage charges.

\$8.50

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INVEST IN VICTORY — BUY BONDS

**MANY NEVER
SUSPECT CAUSE
OF BACKACHES**

**This Old Treatment Often
Brings Happy Relief**

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly; once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

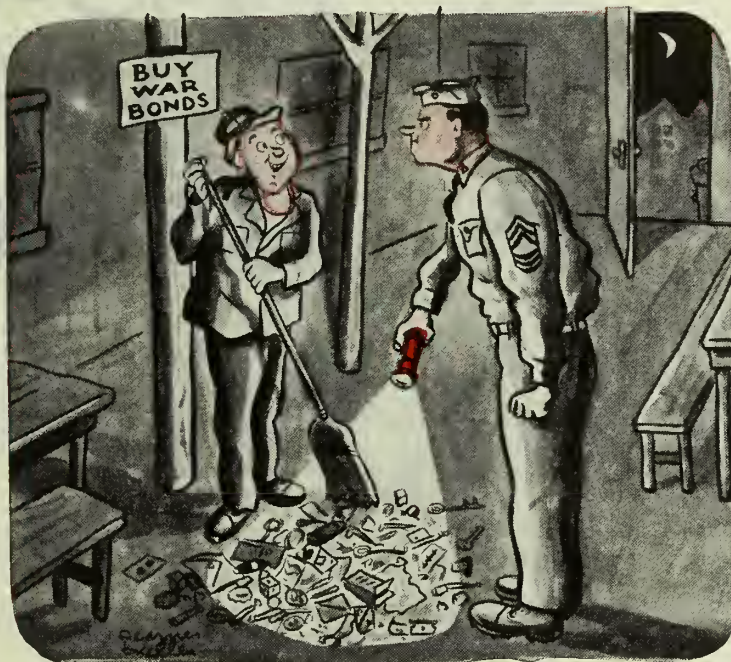
The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

LIGHTER MOMENTS with fresh Eveready Batteries

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"What'll I do with it, Sarge? There ain't no carpet!"

RIGHT NOW, of course, the supply of "Eveready" flashlight batteries for civilian use is very limited. Nearly all our production goes to the Armed Forces and essential war industries. Their needs are tremendous and must come first.

But when this war is over, you'll be able to get all the "Eveready" batteries you want. And they will be new, improved batteries . . . they will give even longer service, better performance.



"Keep your eye on the Infantry—the doughboy does it!" Won't you lend a few dollars to shorten the war? Buy more War Bonds!



The word "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Company, Inc.

PILOT TO CO-PILOT

(Continued from page 9)

a wan, concerned smile and held up two crossed fingers.

His glance appraised her. "The guy's got enough to fight for, God knows. . . . Though you've both more pride than sense."

They were greeted by Major Kirby Smith, a gaunt and towering figure in a white coat, whom Snowden knew well. "Just another flak ailment, Phil," he said with practiced optimism. "I'm beginning to think you B-26ers are allergic to the stuff."

Snowden grinned. "They caught us with our bomb bays down again. This is Harriet Benning, Red's prospective lady to be. Harriet, Doctor—ah, Major Kirby Smith. You s'pose we could see him, Doc?"

"Well, in view of the circumstances," said the major, smiling at Harriet, "yes. But just for a minute. He won't recognize you anyway, chances are, as he hasn't fully regained consciousness yet."

Red Wilstach's face was drawn and pale below the bandages which, turban-like, swathed his head. A reddish beard stubble had begun to shade his jaw and he lay very still on the bed with his eyes closed.

Snowden and the girl stood looking down at him, unmoving. Then she slightly took his hand into her own two hands and Snowden stepped back.

Red Wilstach opened his eyes. They were glazed, pain-streaked eyes, but there was no fear in them.

In the softest voice, Harriet said, "Red. I've come, Red. I'm here beside you, holding your hand. I love you."

The wounded man looked at her and something like recognition seemed to come into his eyes.

His parched lips moved and Snowden, from behind the girl, heard the one barely

audible word he uttered as though he had shouted it: ". . . Jenny."

Harriet said nothing. She seemed to grow straighter as she stood there beside the bed. He closed his eyes then and she laid his hand gently back upon the white bedclothing and turned to leave the room.

Outside, the slanting rays of the late sun glistened upon tears in her blue eyes. Snowden saw the tears, saw also the little cocker spaniel bounce forward gleefully at sight of them, so that he said, "Down now, Jenny!"

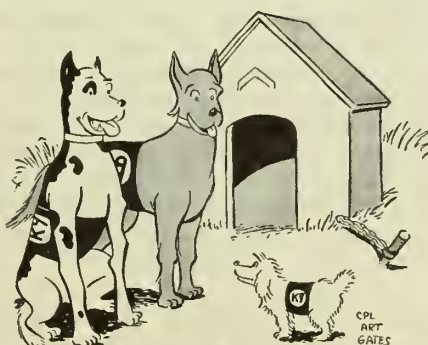
Harriet stopped still on the walk. "Jenny?" she whispered slowly, incredulously. "Jenny?"

"Kind of a cute name, what?" Snowden grinned. "We fell heir to Jenny about three weeks ago when one of the crews didn't come back."

"Oh," she said, abstractedly. Then, bending down, she lifted the little dog and held him close in her arms. "Jenny," she said. "Jenny, you darling!" And she laughed an abrupt, happy laugh into the afternoon.

Later, pedaling back through the countryside, Snowden stared thoughtfully at the bundle of taffy fur in the basket before him. "That Jenny business, Joe," he said to the dog, "—you understand, I guess. He's your buddy too, Joe."

When you flew with a man and lived with a man . . .



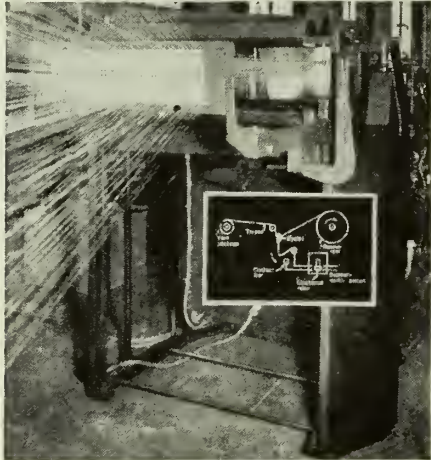
"It looks like they're beginning to scrape the bottom of the barrel!"

Men, get into

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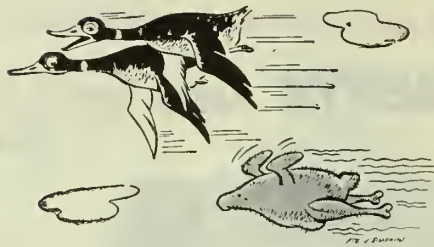
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"I told him he was flying too low over that forest fire"

NETWORK

(Continued from page 11)

and in England. AFRS shortwaves to the South Pacific, Southwest Pacific, China, Alaska, Central and South America, for 65 hours daily.

Programming includes hometown news-casts, sportscasts, music, talks, religion, and a broad basis of entertainment. The programs are "packaged" in the form of recordings and sent to American fighting men, wherever they are. More than 30,000 double-sided recordings are shipped to U. S. troops each month. Each package represents a week's broadcasting supply. When consumed, the package is sent to the next station in the circuit, and then the next, until all have been supplied. When AFRS first approached recording manufacturers, an order for 2,000 transcriptions was believed to be the maximum that could be met. During 1945, monthly production will reach 40,000 records.

Bob Hope's commercial program heard in the United States is an example of the entertainment type of AFRS transcribed radio program. By agreement with the sponsor of Hope's program, AFRS records the Hope show while it is being broadcast to American listeners at home. Undesirable content for overseas is checked by Army censors and deleted, later to be re-filled with approved material. This half-hour show requires up to 50 cuttings and from two hours to twenty-five hours of continuous dubbing on the part of AFRS, which similarly decommercializes and makes suitable for overseas sixteen radio shows daily.

Commercial value of many AFRS radio shows is estimated at from \$15,000 to \$50,000 per program but AFRS cost per quarter hour program, including the cost of transcriptions serving all AFRS stations, is only \$65.58. This rare wartime economy is due largely to the availability at no cost, of the largest radio programs on the air, through the co-operation of advertisers, actors, writers and producers.

AFRS began in May, 1942, in Hollywood's Taft Building at Hollywood and Vine Streets, with two officers and three civilians as personnel. AFRS is now producing more than 2,000 hours of radio programs a year and is shipping more than



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In sending the magazine to a Fleet Post Office, you don't have to use first class mail. Parcel Post rates apply—three cents in an unsealed envelope.



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OUR 58th YEAR

220,000 transcriptions overseas annually. During 1945, this number is expected to reach 400,000 transcriptions. AFRS produces 106 radio programs, of which 46 are among the nation's most popular radio shows at home.

GRASSHOPPERS

(Continued from page 16)

ing the farewell wave of the Marine flier they had christened "Lieutenant Putt-putt, the Coffee Grinder Kid."

Aboard seven other carriers of the task force, the same scene was taking place. One of the little planes did a "deep six" on the take-off, plunging from the flight deck into the water, to the chagrin of the Marine pilot and the vast amusement of Navy fliers who mocked, "See? We told you it wouldn't fly!"

This was the Grasshopper Squadron, aerial spies extraordinary. A handful of tiny Stinson Sentinels, piloted by Marine fliers who had once hoped to see their first action from a Corsair.

"Baby Buck," piloted by Lieutenant James Buckalew of Meridian, Miss., arrived on the Peleliu beachhead, first American plane to land on the newly captured airstrip. Marines and Japs formed a welcoming committee, the Marines in person, the Japs with mortar and sniper fire from nearby "Bloody Nose Ridge."

The airstrip was strewn with debris, shell fragments and dead Japs. It was becoming an even less desirable landing spot by the minute as mortar shells blossomed explosively along its length, and sniper bullets whined by. Said "Baby Buck's" pilot, "I got the hell out of there."

He lifted the little plane into the air, coming down again several hundred yards away on a littered stretch of road. This was "Jackson's Strip," named for Lieutenant Robert C. Jackson of St. Louis, Mo., who went ashore on D-Day to choose the landing site.

Others of the Grasshopper Squadron arrived, blowing tires as they landed among the sharp shell fragments that covered the strip. On the tilted noses of the babies were such names as "It Flies, Don't It?," "Peeping Tom," and "Trouble-Bored." Wry names, because the little planes were objects of derisive laughter to the glamor-kids who flew the big fighting planes.

Then the squadron of half-pints went to work, and the time for laughter was over. Day after day they skimmed the ridges of Peleliu, easy targets for Jap guns and rifles. They pattered over Jap positions only fifty feet in the air, looking for targets. When one was spotted, a radio message gave the artillery firing data.

During the shelling, the little planes climbed to 1,000 feet, hanging around until it was time to go down for a look, to make sure all necessary mayhem had been done.

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After you finish reading this magazine, share it with some G.I. Joe or Jane. See page 2.

Six hours a day of constant flying was the rule, most of it so low that every rifle shot could be plainly heard, almost all of it right over Jap heads. The Eleventh Marines, crack artillery regiment, dumped over 125,000 rounds of high explosive on the Japs in slightly more than two weeks, 90 percent of it according to the directions of the "Grasshopper Guys." The Marine artillery dubbed the squadron "The Eleventh Marines' Luftwaffe," and boasted of their courage in flying "low enough to spit in Tojo's eye" to pick out a target.

The squadron didn't escape without casualties. Not a single plane went without bullet holes; three were shot down, one inside the enemy lines.

There is usually a note of humor in the names given the spotter buggies. A Marine squadron on Saipan featured such members as "War Weary Willie," "The Avenger," and "\$27,000 Education."

As the squadrons of airborne babies go into action, the pilots stop resenting the fate that gave them an aerial jeep to fly rather than a more glamorous dive bomber or fighter. Let the "hotshots" in the combat planes have their chuckles at the expense of the Grasshopper Guys. The little planes actually do more damage to the enemy in proportion to their size than any other aircraft. They are the eyes of the artillery. On their work, tons of high explosive may hit a Jap position and they can pinpoint their shots.

Says one grasshopper pilot:

"Man for man, we are responsible for killing more Japs than the other boys. We know in our minds we are getting a lot, and that's what counts."

Some of the aviators of the Marine Grasshopper planes that operated in the Marianas. From left to right as shown in the picture on page 16, 1st Lt. Anton Koryenowski, Chicago, Ill.; 1st Lt. Gordon R. Lopez, Huntington Park, Calif.; Capt. John A. Ambler, Chicago; 1st Lt. John N. Barbas, Woburn, Mass.; 1st Lt. George E. Dopcus, West Palm Beach, Fla.; 1st Lt. Norris W. Wilson, Georgetown, Ky.; 1st Lt. George E. Armstrong, Minneapolis, Minn.; 1st Lt. Richard C. Case, New York City.

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QUICK CHANGE

(Continued from page 26)

picnic just because I didn't defile your childish mind with the "harrowin' details and grim realities" like the commentators says.

You talk like it was my fault the Japs decides to play on the other team this game instead of sittin' and warmin' our team's bench like they did last time. Was I the guy persuaded Hitler to take over Norway, Belgium, Holland and a lot of them other places I can't even spell? Can I help it if France collapsed this time like that old opra hat of your Uncle Joe's used to do?

Listen, son, our doughboys in 1917-18 had plenty mud and muck and blood and sweat and don't forget *that*. But should you cry if you had a old man who was smart enough to live dry and eat good and regular because he joined the Navy?

Your affectionate but sorely tried
Pop

DEAR POP: I never heard that in your little war you had to crawl under a piece of mosquito netting to write a letter to *your* father, which I am doing right now and watching the bugs being et up by something called a praying mantis, which is a king-size Episcopal grasshopper that you can't tell whether it is supposed to be kneeling down when it is standing up and which I can't tell neither about myself trying to write this letter under a 2 by 4 piece of netting.

Listen, Pop I know I wasn't in your war and don't know about it from personal knowledge, but I didn't only hear what you said all these years but you remember you took me to a couple of American Legion meetings with you before I sailed and I heard what *those* birds said, too.

So I'm telling you this is a *different* war.
Your different

Son

DEAR JUNIOR: It is very sad you do not like the kind of war you have. "So solly," like Jap say. But we fixed up one



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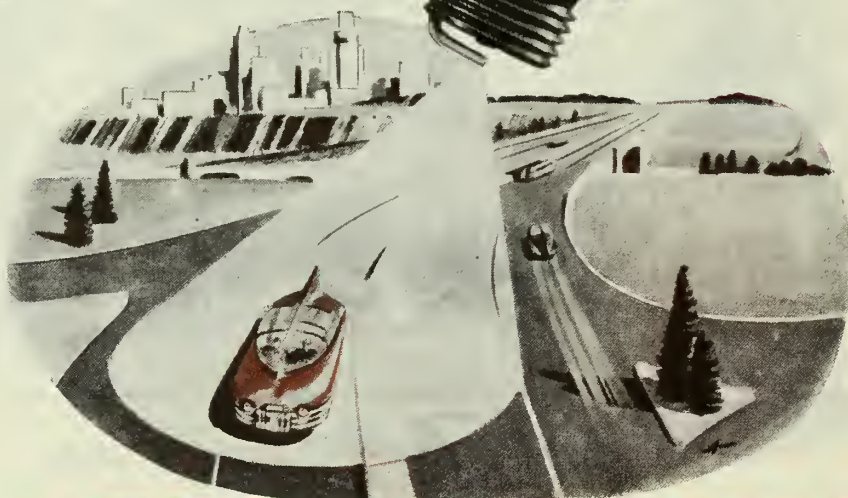
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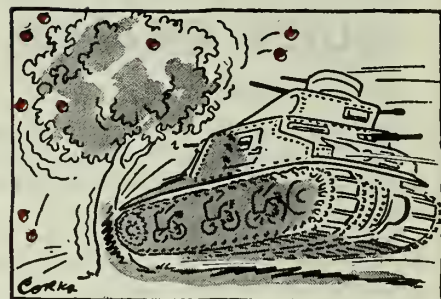


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I think we have got twice as many soldiers and sailors in the U. S. right now than we had in the whole Army and Navy and Marines in 1917-18, includin' what was so long mistaken for the weaker sex.

But, after all, what is the use of us two arguin' about whether this war is a lot different than the last one or whether it ain't? That don't make any more planes or bombs or tanks to git it over with no quicker.

Your anxious and affectionate

POP

DEAR POP: It was mighty nice getting your last letter, especially since you suggest we don't argue any more about how different my war is from what your war was.

Anyhow, I suppose you're right and there isn't any real difference. We have the same gripes I heard about from you and your friends in the Legion and all like that.

Besides, I heard all of you telling about how when you came home all the things they said they would do for you they didn't—nobody cared whether you got a job or even a little extra pay to tide you over until you *could* find one or had a chance to complete an education which was busted up by the war.

Yep, Pop, you're absolutely right. There's no difference. In spite of all your experience all of you will just sit around and it'll be just the same thing all over again for me like it was for you.

Your discouraged

JUNIOR

DEAR JUNIOR: Well, to think I have got a son as dumb as your last letter! Don't you hear *nothin'* about what is going on? So you think it'll be just the same old thing all over again, huh? So this war ain't any different from the last one, ain't it?

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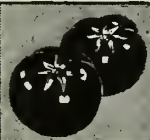
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Well, of all the—listen, when we guys was mustard out, what did we git? 60 bucks discharge pay and a railroad ticket to where we joined up, and years later somethin' called "adjusted compensation" by the Govt.

And what'll you git? Well, the Legion helped to take care of that for you young fellas through that GI Bill of Rights you maybe heard about. Or maybe you didn't, and I'm sendin' the low-down on it with this letter.

Your steamed up

POP

ELMIRA AND THE EX-GI

(Continued from page 25)

Bill gives them. Or they figure that things learned in the Army or Navy—radio-repair, veterinary techniques, accounting—point to an upgrading change. USES does well here with elaborately worked out listings of what civilian jobs correspond to detailed military classifications and trainings. A boy who used to pump gas and learned truck-maintenance in uniform is now making high pay at specialized work with airplane motors in an out-of-town plant. A shoe clerk whom the Navy trained into a high-class mechanic is doing very well in an Elmira machine-tool plant. A former traveling salesman who became a mess sergeant is going after a job as dining-car steward on a local railroad.

There are cases, of course, where a kid who never made over \$25 a week before the war comes out of service with the firm conviction he is now worth \$10,000 a year—but not often enough to be discouraging. At the other extreme is the mail-boy or file-clerk who goes to war a youngster and returns a major trained by tough experience to handle men and plan jobs. Neither community nor former employer has done right by him when offering his old job, yet chances of finding him the calibre work he deserves will be slimmer as more boys come home.

One smart Elmira employer guesses that at most he will get back only 60 per cent of his boys. He would like them all, since he knows them personally and saw them trained, but it does simplify the job-providing problem. Just for the hell of it, his company has been sending each of its servicemen \$25 every three months as spending-money. Others think a mere minority will want to return to the old stand—some for the above reasons, some from war-induced restlessness, some on very simple grounds indeed. For instance, the youngster who went from a factory into the infantry and came back hollering for a truck-driving job:

"I want to ride from now on," he said fervently. "I never want to walk another step so long as I live."

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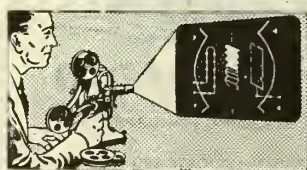
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R.H. SHUMWAY SEEDSMAN, Box 304, Rockford, Illinois

Guesses may be bettered by a survey started last October by Remington-Rand among former employes in service, including those from its Elmira plant. Wherever addresses could be got, letters and questionnaires were mailed saying we want you back, do you want your old job or something else, what special training would you like, and so forth. Of 191 Elmira replies, so far predominantly from men still in the States, only seven don't want to come back at all. An upgrading psychology is evident, however:

"I'll be back if I can get a Rem-Rand job that is better—or more interesting—or better-futured—or let me make use of what I learned in the service." Some of that may be cautious staying on the good side of a potential employer. Returns may also be affected by the probability that steadier and more thoughtful men were first to answer. But any employer properly curious about what demobilization will put him up against in the way of payroll-pressures, training-needs and employe-psychology might well follow this company's example.

Only a quarter of the American labor-force, however, is normally needed in manufacturing industry. Schooling, farms, service industries, small business must theoretically absorb an awful lot of discharged Joes if the load on industry itself is not to be too great, as the GI Bill recognizes. Since 1,000 Chemung County farm-boys are in uniform, for instance, the local Farm Credit co-operatives expect an eventual rush of serviceman-borrowers wanting acres of their own. But as yet only two have made inquiries of the civic-minded dirt-farmer who heads the down-to-earth committee advising on available lands, prices and experience needed.

The same lag is evident elsewhere. Since proper forms and instructions had not reached local banks when this was written, GI bank-loans for housing and small business projects have seen even less action. When the stuff gets there, the banks plan intensive advertising in a last effort to clear up in Joe's mind just what can and can't be done. They are pleased enough at having somebody to lend dough to for a change. But the last thing they want is a string of returned servicemen coming in to say "I'd like my \$4,000 please" as a mandatory right.

GI Bill education is also starting slow. Barely twenty inquirers to date have shown genuine interest. A few plan to work at war-jobs for a year, saving money to supplement Uncle Sam's help when they pick up their educational privileges later. A few more are getting set, such as the former tool-room clerk now studying airport management at the University of Texas. Various wrinkles that need ironing out account for some of this sluggishness. Relatively few boys want years of conventional college training—short courses, a year to a year and a half of concentrated specializ-

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If your address has been changed since paying your 1944 dues, notice of such change should be sent at once to the Circulation Department, The American Legion Magazine, P. O. Box 1055, Indianapolis, Indiana. Also tell your Post Adjutant what you are doing.

GIVE ALL INFORMATION BELOW NEW ADDRESS

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(Please Print)

Street Address, etc.

City.....

State

1945 Membership Card No.

Post No.

State Dept.
OLD ADDRESS

Street Address, etc.

City

State

ing is their idea, not too easy to find in many fields. Nor, though what they want may prove available in Cleveland or Baltimore, do they want to go away to study. Most are married to local girls and besides, they've just got home and would like to stick around a while. Elmira is counting a good deal on a state scheme to build a vocational institute in town offering just such short-term instruction in special skills and occupations, from radio to farming.

Local educators are being sensible about it all. They want to prevent the large waste of time that so much GI education proved to be after the last war and to avoid the temptation to rush into rigid programs far ahead of any detailed idea of what Joe wants. They will lean heavily on apprenticeship in many fields and hope they can channel lots of men into training for service-industry work, a kind of opportunity that can take a lot of load off the factory.

Joe's job-troubles in Elmira to date center round his prevailingly poor nervous and emotional condition. Many men have already been discharged as psychoneurotic—meaning, as the public had better learn fast, not "crazy" but damaged emotionally by the strains of training, duty and fighting. Many less marked cases show extreme jumpiness, restlessness, irritability, all pretty baffling to wife and foreman, though it isn't the guy's fault at all and may wear off in time, if he gets the right handling.

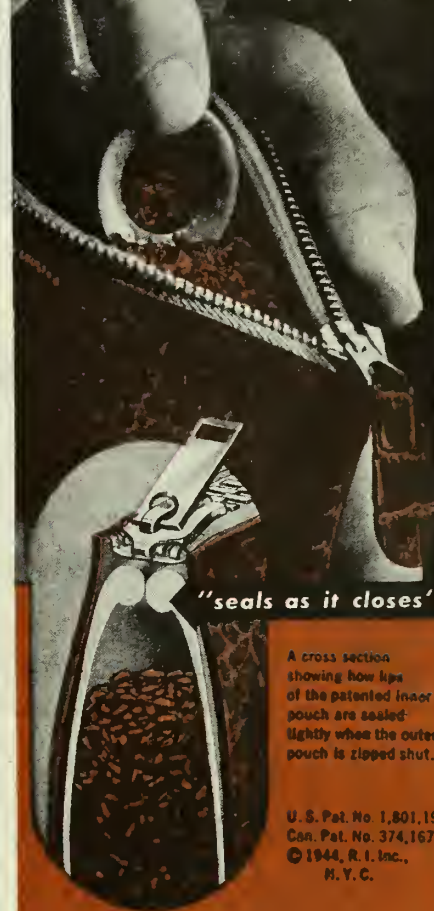
There was the quiet dischargee who went to work in a good desk-job and did all right for a while. Then one day an Army plane came over lower than usual and, as the motor-noise grew, he dived under the desk in a panic of collapse and it was days before he could face work again. In case after case a boy back on his old factory-job can't take the racket of nearby presses crashing down and has to be shifted to outside work, often a nervous essential. The USES has been smartly getting such men temporary outside jobs in the Army's Elmira Holding and Reconnaissance Point, where Europe-bound cargoes are distributed and loaded.

Another lad went along steadily for a few days until a foreman gave him a sharp order, then went utterly off the handle, bawled out both foreman and his benchmates and walked off the job in babbling hysteria. Unless foreman, personnel-manager and big boss all know what ails him and why, much damage can be done such a man very quickly.

It helped a lot locally when the son of an Elmira personnel-man came back with a discharge on account of the jumps, which set his father missionarying among his colleagues with his own boy for text. The USES and other agencies do good work in educating employers in the why of such men's requests for outside work and apparent irresponsibility in taking and keep-

fresh tobacco what a joy!

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**Smokes as sweet
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*"... the quality pipe
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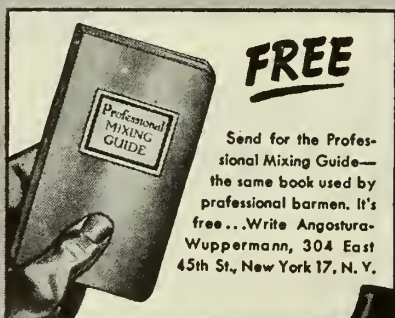
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ing jobs. Employers in turn often waive the strict letter of the law in keeping a boy's old job open longer than the mandatory ninety days—the union would like to see that legally lengthened anyway—and trying to fit him into something else that may suit better.

By and large a good majority of war-nervous men are probably getting considerate treatment in Elmira plants. But reaching all foremen and the public is a huge job and, when skimmed, gives nasty results. In one shop a nerve-shattered boy's bench-mates insisted it was fun to make sudden noises to make him jump and turn white. In another a veteran shrinking from the racket associated with his old job asked for outside work—only to be refused and eventually laid off as inefficient, even though he had offered to take lower pay outside. That plant, however, is not always so harsh. Another veteran, with handicapping injuries, reports that the same outfit has been most considerate, letting him knock off when he needs to and taking great pains to fit his job to his troubles.

For heartwarming contrast, a kid returned to his old bench late last spring and proved much too cross-tempered and unsteady to cope. His boss didn't get sore—instead he consulted with the boy's pastor and doctor and then took him out to his country place: "I told him take your shirt off, son, and putter around the place—there was plenty needed doing—and, after a summer of that, he calmed right down and came back on the job and is doing swell." Similarly, the USES had good luck last summer sending jumpy boys to do badly needed farm-work as reconditioner, with gratifyingly good results when they re-entered factory jobs this fall.

A doctor specializing in such troubles would help such boys immensely. But the county has no psychiatrist available, a situation characterizing many counties. The local Council of Social Agencies is trying to raise a fund to pay for an imported psychiatrist. But, even if the money appears, getting him will be tough—the nation's supply of such doctors is always slim and the armed forces themselves need more of them than they ever had yet. The best Elmira can offer now is a committee composed of a refugee neurologist, a retired psychiatrist, a Catholic priest, a Protestant minister and a local teacher, aimed not at treating veterans but at advising the agencies that handle them.

War-nerves are just as bad for the community as for the boys affected. Elmira's young marriages are cracking right and left as husbands back from the wars try to settle down with their wives or the girls they marry on getting home—and then turn so bad-tempered, sulky, secretive and lonesome that the bewildered bride sees nothing for it but walking out. True, he isn't at all like the outgoing, chipper guy she fell in love with. But his chances of becom-

ing so again are far better if she sticks and knows what ails him. The local YWCA is doing well here by importing a professional mental hygienist to give servicemen's wives a course of lectures on how to handle returned husbands with such difficulties. The town could use any amount more of such education.

Joe's frayed temper does not improve when Elmira—like other towns—proves to contain too many people prone to ask youngsters in civilian clothes why they aren't in uniform. Women and men both are guilty, servicemen as well as civilians. A second lieutenant got well and truly clouted recently for making such a crack at a returned veteran in an Elmira bar and sailors down from the nearby naval training station often make themselves obnoxious.

The eagle-and-circle discharge button is the supposed remedy. Only a minority of the boys wear their buttons, however: "The public doesn't know what it means." "It's too small—can't tell what it is two feet away." "They don't care if you do wear it—they ask how you got shipped home when the other guys are still out there somewhere fighting."

One dischargee, veteran of Tarawa, you hear, leaves his button off because he takes special pleasure in socking busybodies who ask him the wrong question. More of him would help a lot. The best other attitude came from a former amphibian engineer who went in with the first waves in North Africa, Sicily and Salerno.

"If you have a clear conscience, cracks don't bother you. Besides, I'm Irish and I don't dare let myself get mad. I just decided I'd leave all the fighting behind me when I left the Army." Not bad for a youngster still so jittery he has to have an outside job.




It goes without saying that a multiplicity of agencies trying to help produces much duplication of effort and much confusion in Joe's mind. Every two months another of those efforts to streamline things is made in Elmira, proving little more than a little piece in the paper. Several proposed set-ups probably were bad ideas and their demise fortunate. Yet something of the kind must be done before too many Joes return to find they are forced to play Pussy-wants-a-corner and before the present universal impulse to "do something for the veterans" slacks off. A maximum of common sense—Elmira has a lot—and a minimum of individual ambitions and local politics—Elmira has its share—is the formula. Plus quick action.

That is just one reason why the town's feelings are mixed as it looks forward to VE-Day.

"We've done not so badly so far," says a bright fellow in the middle of things. "But come six months and, oh brother, are we going to have to be doing one hell of a lot better!"

NEED A LAXATIVE?

INSTEAD TRY THIS HEALTHY DRINK!

JUICE OF
1 LEMON

IN A GLASS
OF WATER

FIRST THING
ON ARISING

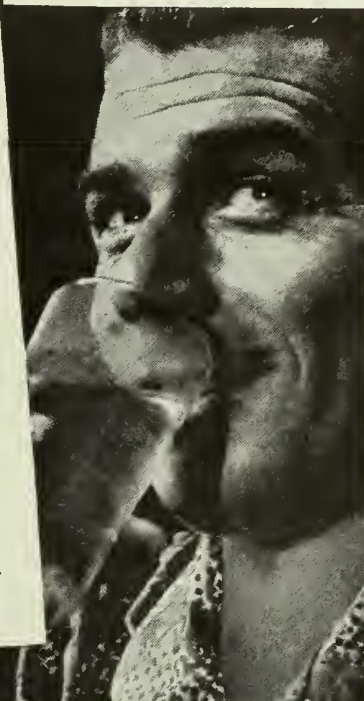
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This simple drink in most cases insures prompt, normal elimination day after day. And it's *healthful*!

8,000,000 now take lemon and water

National surveys show that already over eight million take lemon and water for health. Lemons are among the richest known sources of vitamin C, and supply valuable amounts of B₁ and P. They alkalize—aid digestion. Lemon and water is surprisingly refreshing to take, too—clears the mouth, wakes you up.

Try it ten days. Juice of one lemon in a glass of water, first thing on arising.



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LEMON and WATER

...first thing on arising

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Allen's Foot-Ease has been bringing relief and comfort to tired, burning feet for over 30 years. Sprinkle it on your feet and into your shoes, and enjoy the refreshing comfort it brings while you stand long hours at your work. Even stiff, heavy, new or tight-fitting shoes lose their terror when you use Allen's Foot-Ease. But good old Allen's does even more. It acts to absorb excessive perspiration and prevents offensive foot odors. Helps keep feet, socks and stockings dry and sweet. For real foot comfort, remember it's Allen's Foot-Ease you want. Get it today at all druggists.

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comfort and relief try

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AMAZING NEW
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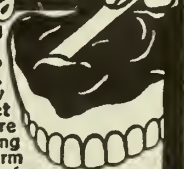
New sharpener for all makes of double-edge razor blades performs miracles! "Not necessary to change blades," writes one user. Another says, "Have used 1 blade over 730 times." RAZOROLL really sharpens blades because it stroges on leather. Gives keen, smooth shaving edges. No guesswork. Blade held at correct angle and proper pressure—automatically. Just turn crank to sharpen blade. No gears. Well made. Handsome, compact, sturdy. Weighs few ounces. Will last years. Makes ideal gift.

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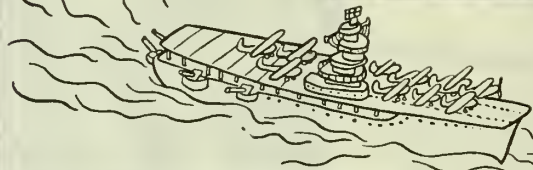
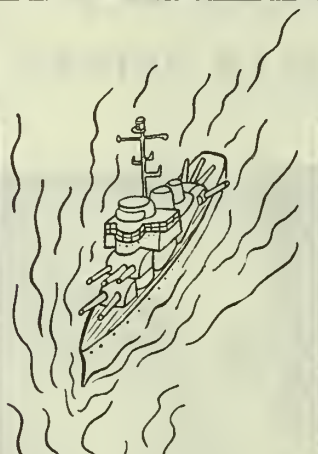
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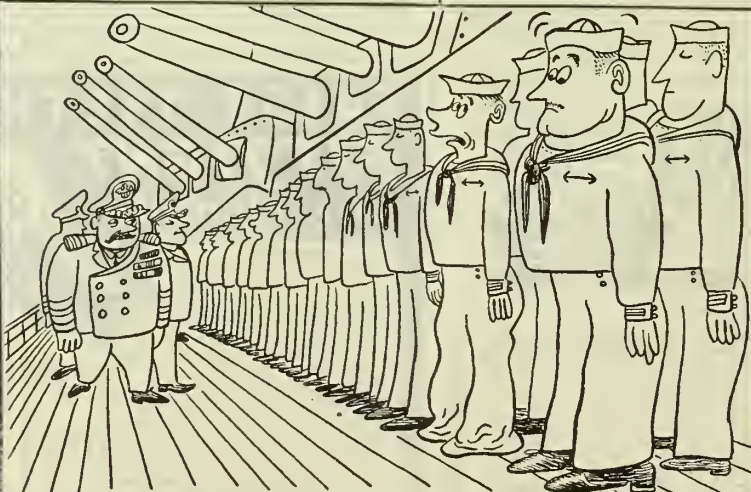
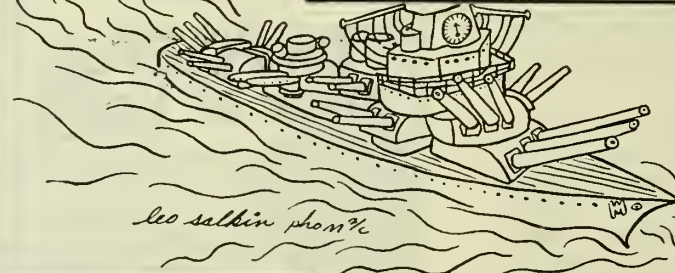
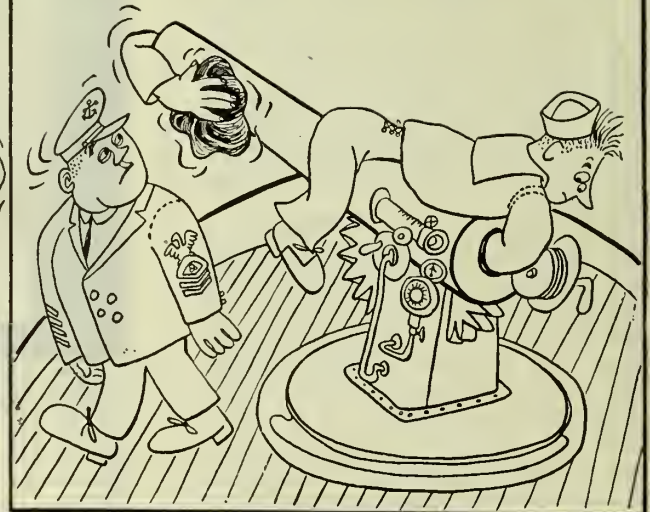
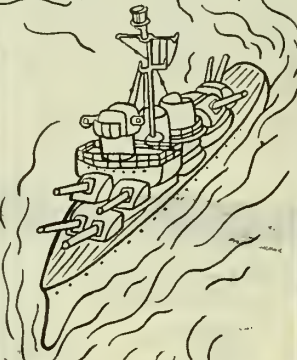


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"...TH-THAT TRIP TO INDIA, ROGER, IT'S CHANGED YOU---!"



"SOME RAT STOLE MY SHOES---!"

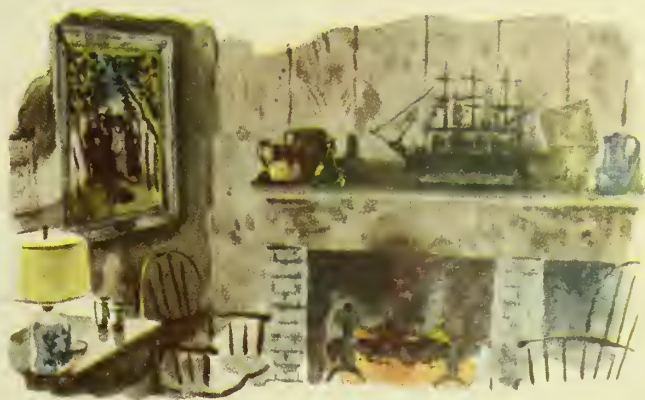


"IT SEEMS, SIR, THAT A STRAIGHT LINE WOULD BE THE SHORTEST DISTANCE BETWEEN TWO POINTS!"

How to judge a man (sight unseen)



1 He has a good deal of personal pride
... you can tell that by looking at his home.



2 He appreciates art, admires skill
... you can tell that by peeking into his den.



3 He's fastidious, dislikes mediocrity
... you can tell that by the cut of his clothes.



4 He's fun-loving, a good host
... you can tell that with one glance at this playroom.



5 He's very considerate of others
... you can tell that by the many kinds of
glasses on his back-bar.



6 He's an excellent judge of whiskies
... you can tell that by his bourbon stock.
It's Walker's DeLuxe.

Walker's DeLuxe
These two words mean a great straight bourbon

Straight bourbon whiskey. 86 proof. This whiskey is 4 years old. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

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But how different is the picture in World War II! Today, more than 390,000 miles of bus line routes criss-cross America. And over these routes, 23,474 intercity buses move a steady stream of manpower to all the war-busy places in the nation. Despite hampering shortages of equipment and drastic reductions of highway speeds, *intercity buses have carried more than one billion eight hundred and fifty million passengers since December 7, 1941.*

This vast movement of passengers by intercity bus has relieved other transportation of an overwhelming load... has proved a major factor in preventing letdowns and bottlenecks... in giving the homefront the strongest wartime transportation ever known.

Yes, there has been a world of progress in highway transportation since the first World War. And this progress has only just begun! Tomorrow, intercity buses will reach still more places over greatly improved highways. You will travel in luxurious, newly-designed buses. You will have many more spacious new terminals, improved restaurant and comfort facilities, finer service in every way. *There's a better day of travel coming.*

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While serving the great civilian army that's backing up our fighting forces, intercity buses also carry the great majority of selectees—provide an indispensable service for men on leave and on furlough.

Typical of hundreds of specialized wartime transportation jobs, the skill and experience of America's intercity bus operators direct the daily operation of these "manpower carriers" for the U. S. Navy.



With their own sons off to war, farmers depend largely on outside help for planting and harvesting the crops so vital to victory. And in farming communities everywhere, buses help bring up the manpower.



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NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MOTOR BUS OPERATORS, WASHINGTON, D. C.